

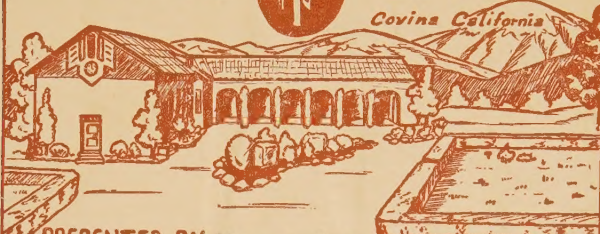


CALIFORNIA  
THEOLOGICAL



BAPTIST  
SEMINARY

*Covina California*



PRESENTED BY Mr. and Mrs. Albert H.  
Sitton

Hayne, Coe Smith.  
Old trails and new.

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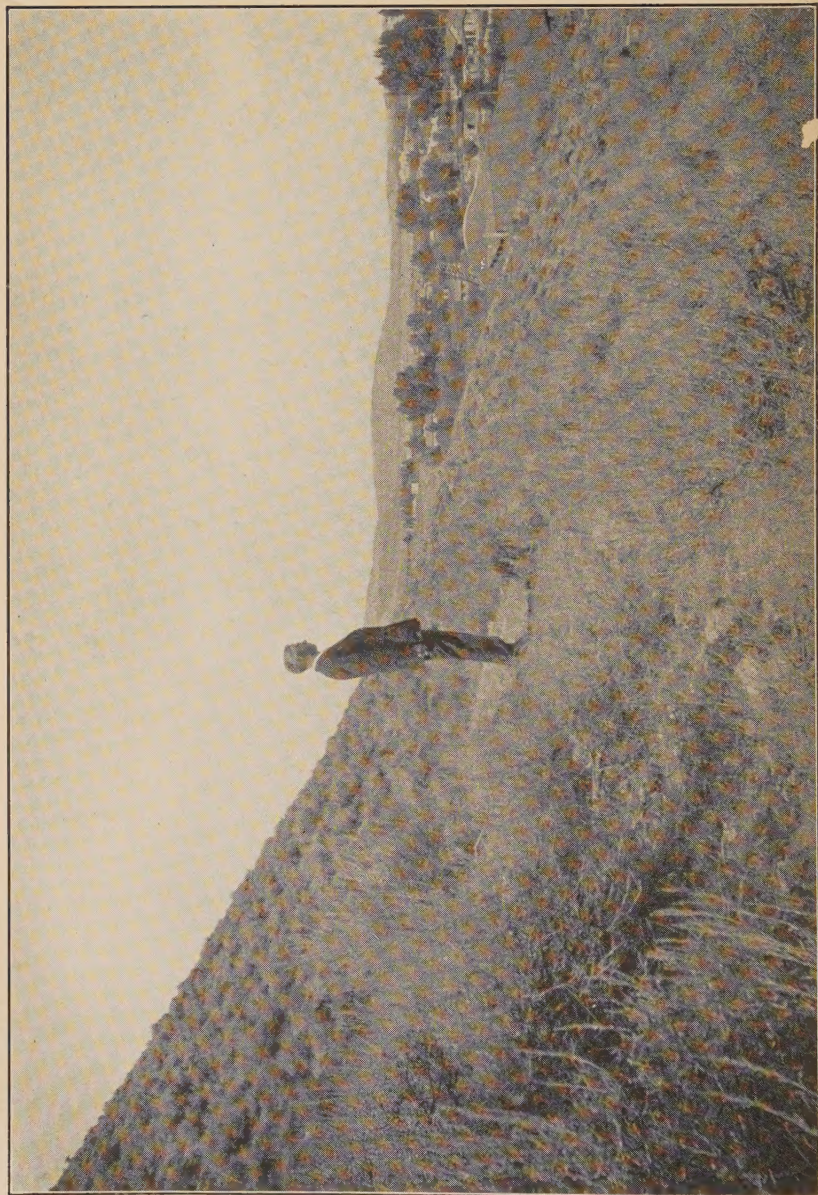


2039

Sutton







# OLD TRAILS AND NEW

TRUE LIFE STORIES  
OF  
BAPTIST HOME MISSION FIELDS

By  
COE HAYNE

*Back of the commonplace are the materials out of which  
epics are built.*

Edited by

THE DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION  
BOARD OF EDUCATION  
OF THE  
NORTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

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To W. H. B.

And to the men and women and boys  
and girls everywhere who have gone  
adventuring under the leadership of  
a Pathfinder who in other days along  
the shores of a certain lake and  
across deserts and mountains made  
trails that time will not dim

This Book is Dedicated

2039



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## FOREWORD



LD TRAILS AND NEW," by Coe Hayne, is an illustrated collection of true stories of Baptist Home Mission fields, presented under five general captions: "The Frontier," "The City," "Rural Communities," "Industrial Communities" and "Americans All." The volume includes stories of the Frontier, City and Rural Missions. It tells us of our foreign-speaking work, the Gospel Cruisers, the Chapel Cars, the Mexican, Latin-American and Indian Missions, thus covering the work fostered by the two Home Mission Societies, the American Baptist Publication Society, the State Conventions and City Mission Societies of the Baptist denomination.

The stories deal neither with the generalities nor technicalities of missionary work, but they have real plot and action, centering around real characters, not all of whom are paid missionaries.

Dr. Charles L. White, Executive Secretary of The American Baptist Home Mission Society, paid to these fine servants the following compliment: "You may find these soldiers of the Cross everywhere, in cities, towns and rural districts, all the way from the north of Maine to Southern California. On any railroad route you may take from a seaport on the Atlantic to any city on the Pacific coast, you will encounter them. In arid and irrigated regions these servants of God are forgetting themselves in ministering to others. You will find them at work by the Caribbean Sea, in the sugar plantations of Cuba,

on the mountains of Porto Rico, in the valleys of Nicaragua and El Salvador. You will meet them in the center of civil commotions, announcing the 'peace of God that passeth understanding.' You will find them at work among the people of Mexico and out among the Crow Indians of Montana, or the Blanket Tribes of Oklahoma, or the Mono groups of California, or the Indians of Arizona, the Hopi and Navajo Tribes. They have the only Gospel that can save the world."

Dr. L. C. Barnes, out of his wide observation as a Secretary of the Home Mission Society, makes this kindly comment on the value of such personal testimony as this book records: "We are nothing and our denomination has no being except through the personal experience of each person with the Supreme Person. This constantly renewed interflow of personalities is the whole thing with us. It was not the Triennial Convention but the story of the Judsons that gave us missionary being. Equally devoted men and women are on the firing line now—suffering, bleeding for the Cause. They are our only earthly hope and inspiration."

Dr. Howard B. Grose, who passed editorially upon a portion of the manuscript, has this to say about it: "It is not merely a story that Mr. Hayne is telling, but the furnishing of a historical background for our Home Mission work and the narration of a pioneer courage and endurance that laid the foundations of the Great West—a type of missionary work but little recognized. We doubt if any frontier record like this has been published hitherto."

The Department of Missionary Education is greatly indebted to Dr. Charles L. White, who guided the author



in the gathering of many of the stories, for his foresight in sending out into these missionary areas Coe Hayne, a man not only competent to observe and record essential facts, but also gifted in describing and illustrating missionary activities. With camera and pen, imagination and insight, Mr. Hayne has shown us how our men and women are serving God and their fellow-beings.

Mrs. John Nuveen, President, and Mrs. Katherine S. Westfall, Corresponding Secretary, of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, rendered valuable assistance by suggesting an itinerary for the author covering certain missionary enterprises under their immediate direction.

His pioneer stories have a frontier flavor all their own. His stories of the work of city missionaries are like shafts of light and hope in dark places. He has lifted the curtain on unexpected scenes. He has caught these servants of ours unawares at their patient ministries, and his stories have the freshness and naturalness not found in the studied expositions of missionary work. Throughout their wide range, we feel the hopefulness and the helpfulness of Christian service.

These stories have been written to serve a specific as well as a general purpose. The Department of Missionary Education recommends that this book be used for supplementary study in connection with the Home Mission study book theme of the year, "The Church and the Community," and that it be included in the various reading courses and reading contests of the year. The Young People's Societies will also find here valuable subject matter for their missionary meetings. We heartily

commend these stories to Baptists everywhere as furnishing a new type of interesting missionary information.

WILLIAM A. HILL,  
*Secretary of Missionary Education  
of the  
Board of Education*

### NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

Across four great states came the missionary's friend, Rev. L. G. Clark, of California, when word was sent to him that he was needed. In the picturesque inter-mountain country, which was the scene of the missionary's early struggles and triumphs, the wonderful story came back to him. Without this generous help of the former Superintendent of Missions for Montana and Idaho, a certain narrative of frontier missions, of which the first chapters of this book are a part, might never have been written. Worthy pioneers of Idaho who knew the missionary during his early ministry, and whose help was invaluable, are United States District Judge F. S. Dietrich, of Boise; Hon. John Hailey, Librarian of the State Historical Society of Idaho; George E. Ferris, of Big Lost River Valley; Mr. and Mrs. Adam Ifland, of Silver Creek Valley; Jim Dunn and Mr. and Mrs. Matt Jones, of Wood River Valley; Bert Bowler, of Shoshone; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ferguson, of Blackfoot; Mrs. L. M. Hopson, of Pocatello; W. A. Buis, of Boise; and Mrs. P. J. Callop, of Caldwell.

C. H.

June 15, 1920.

## THE FRONTIER



## I

### THE AWAKENING OF BIG LOST

Looking down upon a land of inexpressible charm is the Sawtooth Range. Capped with everlasting snows, towering above the clouds in solemn grandeur, these mighty sentinels of the ages constitute one of the real sources of wealth of Central Idaho. From the Lost River Mountains, which are a spur of the loftier range to the north, gush countless ice-cold streams that form Big Lost River—a name of mystery to those who are unacquainted with the geological formation of the territory through which it runs.

Big Lost means exactly what it spells. It runs a distance of over one hundred miles before reaching the basin or "Sinks" into which it vanishes and thence continues through a subterranean channel beneath the weird lava beds of Central Idaho. It is thought that the Thousand Springs, located on the west bank of the Snake River, are formed from the water of this stream and others that lose themselves in the lava rock. It is interesting to know in this connection that John C. Fremont, in his report covering the exploration of this part of Idaho—it was part of Oregon then—noted the presence of a subterranean river that burst out directly from the face of the north wall of the Snake River Canon and fell in white foam to the river below.

About the middle of the Lost River Range is a lofty peak reaching high above all others and standing in all



its beauty and majesty as a natural and everlasting monument to one of the heroic pioneers who gave up his life struggling to open up this part of Idaho for settlement. The name of this peak, which can be seen from almost any point in Big Lost or Little Lost River Valleys, is Mt. McCaleb, after Jesse McCaleb, the business associate of Col. George L. Shoup. McCaleb was manager of the branch store at Challis. Col. Shoup, the first governor of Idaho, and who later became United States Senator, was at one time the leading merchant of Idaho, having large miners' outfitting stores at Challis, Salmon City, and other mining camps. Today his statue adorns the Hall of Fame at Washington, D. C., Idaho's gift to the nation.

Before the railroad was built into Idaho from the south, all freight for the Salmon River mining country was hauled overland by wagon from Corinne, Utah, a point on the old Central Pacific. The route of these pioneer freighters was through Malad Valley by way of Portneuf Canon, Blackfoot, across the Blackfoot Desert, and thence up the Big Lost River Valley.

The number of pounds of freight brought in by wagon train each year for Shoup and McCaleb ran up into the millions. The largest freight outfit on the road was kept busy by this firm. It consisted of ten sections with three and four wagons to a section. As there were twelve and fourteen oxen in each section, it is readily seen that there were nearly 150 head of cattle in the outfit. When traveling the train was strung out nearly half a mile. It was a wonderful sight to see the drivers handle these cattle after reaching camp, in unhooking and hooking them up.



1. BESIDE THE LONG TRAIL

2. THE MISSIONARY, THE MULE AND THE HOME OF THE FRONTIER

3. A DEVOTIONAL QUARTER OF AN HOUR AT THE RANCH



The owner of this freight outfit was Joe Skelton, who had spent most of his life on the frontier. Skelton was a well-known character in the whole inter-mountain country. Rough, ready and honest, there were few who surpassed him for courage, hardihood and enterprise.

The hardships incident to the long desert journeys were not the only ones endured by this intrepid frontiersman. On one of his trips he was caught on the horns of an infuriated ox and carried quite a distance before he could be rescued. One of the horns of the animal pierced the side of Skelton's face, and for over twenty years, until his death, his food had to be ground and taken through a silver tube in the side of his neck. A cow always was led from the rear of one of the wagons to furnish milk for him. During all those years no one ever saw Joe Skelton take food. He administered the liquid nourishment himself; and he ground his own food in a little coffee-mill which he always carried in his camp outfit. Of such metal were those early frontiersmen made. Skelton was typical of the kind of men who opened up the West, a race of stalwarts whose deeds of heroism will never be surpassed.

One memorable day in June, Joe Skelton's train neared a camp ground just above the point where Big Lost River Valley leads into what is called the Narrows. Here, timely warning was brought that the Nez Percé Indians had started across the country on the warpath and that an attack might be expected at any time. Skelton, like the old fighter that he was, immediately made preparations for any emergency that might arise.

He formed his wagons in a circle, and as his freight consisted of flour straight, he unloaded it and made breast-works of it. He then drove his stock inside and instructed his men what to do in case the Indians made an attack. He cautioned them repeatedly not to raise their heads above the sacks. Jesse McCaleb, who had purchased the flour for the Shoup-McCaleb string of stores, was a member of the party.

Early that evening a few shots, fired at random from the brush, told the white men what they must expect. That the renegades were upon them in large numbers and would surely do their best to slaughter them all, plunder their wagons and drive off their stock, they had not the slightest doubt. But every man was determined to fight to the last.

It was the custom of the Indians to wait until day-break before opening a battle with the whites. The redskins waited only until the first glimmer in the east foretold the approach of day and then began circling around the freighters on their ponies, keeping up a continual fire. In this way they hoped to stampede the stock. The Skelton party returned the fire only when a well-directed shot might result in bringing down a foe. Every man was obliged to rest on his knees while keeping out of sight.

McCaleb was emptying his gun in the direction of the enemy as fast as any man in the company, but in so doing exposed himself so frequently that Skelton admonished him repeatedly to keep his head down. But the fearless trader paid little attention to the advice, and at last, as he raised up to fire a shot, a bullet pierced his brain.



For three days the battle raged during the daylight hours, but each day at sundown the enemy would quiet down. At midnight of the second day a half-breed Indian, a friend of the whites, volunteered to creep through the picket line of the crafty besiegers and seek reinforcements. The brave fellow succeeded in eluding the redskins and made his way to the Challis country, notifying all he saw. A mounted force, composed of miners and stockmen, started at once for the scene of battle, but before they reached that indomitable little band of men fighting for their lives, the Indians got word somehow, and moved on into the Birch Creek country, where they wrought considerable havoc among the settlers.

Not many months after Skelton's brave stand in the Narrows, George E. Ferris, who later was destined to take a prominent place among Baptists of Idaho, learned through Skelton and others of the possibilities of the Lost River country, and moved with his family from Blackfoot to a point in the Lost River Valley, known today as Old Arco, four miles from the present thriving town of Arco. Here, on the old emigrant trail that for years had been used by prospectors, stockmen and freighters on their way to and from Oregon and the Great Northwest, he established a general merchandise business, which he maintained successfully for many years. He also secured one thousand acres of choice land and took from Big Lost River the first water used for irrigating purposes. Through a natural slough he conducted this water for a distance of nearly five miles. This natural ditch today is known as Ferris' Slough, and is still owned by him.

During these early years of struggle to establish a

home for themselves in that remote and sparsely settled country, George Ferris and his wife were comparatively happy and contented. As business grew, a second store was opened at the Houston Mining Camp, where Ferris put in a concentrator for lead and silver. He shipped his concentrates to Omaha, necessitating an overland haul by ox-team for a distance of ninety miles across the desert to the nearest railroad. All of his supplies came in over this desert that consisted of lava, sage-brush and sand, to a country dotted only here and there with the rude shacks of dauntless, far-seeing pioneers, who with the faith of prophets, had caught the vision of a desert redeemed. To-day, thanks to George Ferris and the others who battled to redeem the wilderness, one may go into Lost River Valley and find one of the most prosperous and fertile farming regions in the inter-mountain country.

George Ferris, an admirable type of the frontiersman, had the tastes and habits of the student. Before a minister came into the Lost River Valley, Ferris conducted all the funeral services held in that region, reading the Episcopal burial service. He was extremely sensitive by nature, and the hard life which his family and few neighbors were called upon to endure drew heavily upon his sympathies.

Several incidents occurred during those early years which are related here as bits of history showing how unrelenting were the forces against which these children of the wilderness had to contend. It required the best blood of the nation to win through. The weaklings either fell by the wayside or drifted back to summer ranges.

One night in September, 1884, the stage, coming down from the Salmon River country, contained four passen-

gers including Mrs. Ferris and her two small children. She had left her husband at the branch store at the Houston Mining Camp and was returning home to Old Arco. At that time the General Custer mines were shipping out their millions in gold annually, and holdups were frequent. When the stage reached the most desolate point in the valley, about midnight, two highwaymen sprang out of the sage in front of the horses, leveled shot-guns at the driver and told him to halt. The driver was plucky old Lew Washburn, a well-known and highly respected character. He at once tried to control his horses, but before he succeeded in bringing them to a standstill, one of the highwaymen fired and sent a heavy charge of buckshot plowing across the back of one of the horses and into the stage, wounding the driver. The Wells-Fargo treasure-box was called for and promptly surrendered, whereupon the stage was allowed to proceed.

"Are you hurt, Mis' Ferris?" called out Lew, after he had driven on a little distance.

"None whatever," replied Mrs. Ferris, greatly relieved to hear the cheerful note in the driver's voice. "Are you all right?"

"All right, ma'm," chirped Lew. "Don't you be worryin' none."

On reaching Arco, Lew had to be carried into the stage station. Loss of blood from an ugly wound in his leg had weakened him almost to the fainting point. For several weeks it was doubtful whether his leg could be saved.

Earlier that same night, the same highwaymen robbed George Ferris' store, after compelling the two clerks to march to the back of the room and hold up their hands.

Lost River Valley was on the trail, running east and west from Oregon to Montana. Having no means of communication with the outside world, such as the railroad, telegraph or telephone, highwaymen, stock thieves, and floating adventurers of all descriptions in the early days took advantage of its isolation. At the time George Ferris came to the valley, the outlaws had their stations for stolen stock all along this route. On one occasion a band of nearly four hundred head of stolen horses were driven through to Montana. The thieves were caught at Dillon, and their leader, a Mexican, was lynched near there. One day three men from Oregon arrived at Ferris' store on the trail of a band of three hundred head of horses that had been run out of Oregon. George Ferris had seen this band pass through the day before, in charge of five men. The pursuers killed the five horse thieves from ambush two days later, recovered their horses, and returned to Oregon.

George Ferris aided in turning over to the authorities some of the most noted law-breakers who infested the Lost River region, and a plot was laid to "get him." He had an office in the back part of his store. One morning, as he stepped in to attend to his books, he noticed something shining on the floor near the desk. He picked up several giant caps which had been placed where he was accustomed to stand while working.

One wintry night at a party given in one of the Lost River Valley ranch-houses, a girl shyly inquired of her day-school teacher whether he ever had seen a book called the Bible.

"Yes, I was raised by that Book," confessed the school-master.

“Can you get me one?” she asked eagerly. “I want to read some of those Bible stories they tell about.”

And it was along about this time when a boy up Antelope way was asked, “Did you ever hear of God?”

“No, does he live on Big Lost River?”

The pioneers of Lost River Valley will never forget the summer and winter of '88. During the summer no crops of any kind were raised. Grass started in the spring but dried up. The drought continued until fall. The great snow storm of that year began on the night of December 12th and continued for several days until it was four feet deep on the level throughout the valley and extended out upon the Blackfoot Desert, several miles below the Big Butte. Generally, the horses and cattle that were kept on the range the year around, did well on the bunch grass. But stock was poor in the fall of '88 and during the severe winter died by the hundreds. Even the wild horses on the desert, which had wintered there for years and years, were found in the spring piled up in bunches where they had made an unsuccessful effort to reach the high points of the mountains from which the snow had blown.

In the fall, Morgan McKim, whose ranch was located above the Narrows, had been offered ninety thousand dollars for his cattle. The following spring it was found that only a few had survived the hard winter.

A poor widow owned two milch cows. They were her main support. She brought them through the long winter, until the snow was nearly gone. The last feed she gave them was the straw taken from her bed and some oatmeal she had in the house. But after the long months of faithful care she lost both animals.



On the afternoon of December 12th, of this fateful year, a young man, twenty-five years of age, six feet high, straight as an arrow, and a giant in strength, stood in front of the trading post at Old Arco talking with George Ferris, the merchant. Upon his shoulders were strapped his blankets, coffee pot, frying pan, hatchet, and a week's supply of provisions. He had no horse. His sheep—a band of one thousand—with a shepherd dog, were just starting out to feed in the direction of the desert, where he expected to winter them.

With a smile lighting up his handsome features, the young sheepman told Ferris of the plans he had made for the future happiness of a widowed mother and a sister whom he had left in a little New England village. He was their only support. He had been in Oregon where he had worked for wages until he had saved enough, after making the regular remittance to the folks at home, to buy a small band of sheep. With his sheep he had come to Idaho where he hoped in time to build a home for his loved ones. That was his great ambition. He had told his folks all about the home-plans in a letter which he had just mailed “back East.”

With the smile still upon his face, the young stranger bade the frontier merchant good-bye and started with his sheep toward the desert.

After the storm was over, men went out to look for the owner of the tramp band of sheep. They found the little shelter which the stranger had made on the bank of Lost River out of a part of the ruins of the old Powell stage station and around it they found most of his dead sheep, and his faithful dog watching over them.

The dog had been left with the sheep while the New

Englander started out in the storm, either to round up more of his sheep or to reach Old Arco. Where he had given up in his fight against the pitiless storm no man knows. No track of him was ever found.

The stage was snow-bound at Old Arco, as were a number of freight outfits. No one could get up or down the river except on snow-shoes. A few of the ranchers had enough hay left over from the year before and generously shared it with their neighbors. Much of it had to be hauled by hand on toboggans. George Ferris allowed the settlers to have supplies on credit from his stores at Old Arco and Houston; otherwise many of them would have starved. Old-timers still date back to the "hard winter of '88."

As there were no churches or Sunday schools, the social events enjoyed by the early settlers were limited to an occasional dance or house-warming. New Year's day was celebrated by a huge dance. As the houses were few and far between, it was necessary for some of the families to travel long distances to have a part in the "big doings." To divide up the mileage between Old Arco and the Narrows, the settlers usually met at some point midway between the two places. This was never an exclusive affair. Verbal invitations were carried far and wide by cowboys, prospectors, freighters and all chance travelers. As no social lines were drawn, it was a free-for-all round-up. They came from distant mining camps, from the stock ranges and from the nearer bench and valley ranches. It was the social event of the year. The farmer, the miner, the merchant, the cowboy, the stock rustler, the highwaymen laid aside his labors and

cares to "hit the trails" leading to this annual gathering with the hope of having the time of his life.

One year the most noted outlaw in the inter-mountain country came as a self-invited guest to the New Year's celebration. He was a member of that once famous gang of highwaymen and cut-throats, whose rendezvous was located in a secluded place in the high mountains of Wyoming called the "Hole in the Wall," and who terrorized the people of three states. The man came in boldly, although he knew that there was a heavy reward hung up for his capture, dead or alive. Whether the spirit of the holiday occasion forbade the molestation of this guest, however bad, or whether a pair of "forty-fours" hung within easy reach of the outlaw's hands conveyed an argument all their own, it must be recorded that the renegade apparently enjoyed himself as thoroughly as did anyone, nor did he show any signs of fear of the tragic fate which was in store for him. A few weeks later he was killed in a desperate fight with officers of the law.

Another well-known character present on this occasion was a man who ran a saloon at the stage station, halfway between Old Arco and the Narrows. He was versed in the questionable art of drawing cards unobserved from his sleeve, when engaged in a game of draw poker with a tenderfoot. But he gained his widest notoriety by reason of a certain business transaction which is still without parallel in that section of the country.

One fall, this old-timer, whom we will call Red Eye Burtch, was hard-pressed for money. Having decided to sell his saloon with its stock of "rot-gut" whiskey, he asked the stage driver to keep an eye open for a prospec-

tive buyer. One day a young Jew from New York City put up at Red Eye's road-house. Duly posted by the driver Red Eye offered to sell out to the Jew for two thousand dollars, terms as follows: One thousand cash and the Hebrew's note for the other thousand. Red Eye waxed eloquent in a description of his business, explaining carefully to the Jew that money was no object to him, as he was bent on taking up land. To serve his purpose, one of the biggest freight outfits on the road pulled in that same day and made camp near his place. He gave every man in the outfit a five dollar gold piece with instructions to come in that evening and spend it over the bar. Trade as a consequence, was unusually brisk until after midnight.

The Jew swallowed the bait, hook and all. He had just one thousand dollars, cash. He parted quickly with his money, fearful lest Red Eye would back out of the bargain. He gave his note for the balance, and next day took possession. But his trade left with the freighters as they lined out of camp in the morning. The days passed—no trade. The Jew awoke to the fact that he had been fleeced.

One day the original owner of the saloon rode in. The Jew blandly told him that he had an urgent call to go back East.

"I'll sell the place back to you at a sacrifice," said he.

The old-timer was equal to the occasion. "What's your price?" he asked.

"Two thousand."

"No, I can't do that," said Red Eye, "but I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you an even thousand—not a cent more."

"I'll take it."

The young Jew, fairly snapping at the offer, was handed back the note he had given Red Eye as security. He looked it over carefully, and then tore it into tiny bits. Thoughtfully, he packed his grip, bade the old fellow good-bye and took the down-stage for the outside world.

In due course of time came Mrs. Gray, an estimable widow, to run the restaurant in connection with the stage station at Old Arco, where she quickly won renown as one of the best cooks in the valley. Her daughter, Daisy Gray, known as the "Belle of Big Lost," was one of the first school teachers in the valley. Mrs. Gray's only other child was Danny.

One day Danny came running to his mother with a startling item of news.

"Ma, a preacher is coming in on the up-stage and the cowboys are getting ready to egg him."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Mrs. Gray, incredulously.

Within the memory of the oldest settler no preacher had been known to come to Lost River.

"Yes, a preacher is a-comin'!" declared Danny. "He's a-comin' to preach the funeral sermon of old Mat Boyle."

Then Mrs. Gray remembered that "young Mat" had said that he was going to send outside for a preacher because he wanted to do the best he could by his father. The cowboys were just in from the big annual round-up.

"Go tell Dick Prouty, and Sam and Joe Little that I want to see them," said Mrs. Gray severely.

Danny departed on a run.



"Come back, Danny!" called Mrs. Gray on second thought. "Tell Dick and Sam and Joe that there'll be a chicken dinner for them here tonight."

Mrs. Gray knew how to bring them "a-runnin'". Chicken dinner after bucking the rough fare of the round-up for six weeks! And one of "Ma" Gray's chicken dinners at that! "Whoop-ee!"

"Now, boys, what do I understand you're going to do with that preacher when he comes in tonight?" asked Mrs. Gray when her cowboy guests pushed back their chairs with sighs of happy content.

"We're going to egg him, ma'm," said Dick Prouty.

"That's right, ma, I seen the pile of eggs they got hid back of Mr. Ferris' store." Danny pointed an accusing finger at the blushing punchers and grinned. "They've been huntin' nests under the willows all the afternoon."

"What you got against that preacher?" asked Mrs. Gray, sweetly.

"We don't aim to allow any preacher to come up here and put over any style on us," said Joe with considerable bluster to hide his irresolution.

"Boys, tell me, what are you going to do?" pursued Mrs. Gray with sweet relentlessness.

"Well, it's this 'ere way, Mis' Gray." Sam was floundering. "If that preacher wears a beany (derby hat) we sure will egg him."

"Or a swallow-tail coat," put in Dick.

"Or a boiled shirt," added Joe.

"Come now," coaxed Mrs. Gray, "I want you boys to stay here for a while tonight, to practice some songs. We'll get Mrs. Ferris over to play the organ and we'll have a nice choir for the funeral."

They sang for two hours—right up to stage time. When they left they agreed to prevent their mates from egging the preacher unless he wore a "beany." When the stage arrived, a big crowd was in front of Ferris' store to see what sort of preacher would be the first to come to Big Lost. An old gentleman, wearing a slouch hat and a long black coat stepped down from the stage. He was a typical, frontier parson and Big Lost took him gratefully to its heart. But he remained in Big Lost two days only.

The funeral was held in the school-house, ten miles above Old Arco. The next night the cowboys went on a huge drunk at Old Arco, shouting the preacher's text until daylight.

In the year 1894, George Ferris, prosperous beyond his most sanguine hopes, awoke to the painful realization that he was paying a heavy price for all that he had won on this western frontier. He owned title to one thousand acres of land under an original water right worth thousands of dollars. His mercantile establishments had grown year by year. Four children now brightened his home. Yet he looked into the future and saw no ray of light. One day he voiced his feelings to his wife.

"As far as we are concerned we can fight this battle to a finish," he said. "But what about the children? What chance is there for them in this God-forsaken community? The whole country is destitute of all that our children need most. If we stay here, I fear that their moral and spiritual lives will be blasted. Jennie, we must leave."

He had conquered the wilderness, but feared that he

had gained nothing of real worth for his children. True, during three months of every year since his children were old enough to go to school, he had pulled them out of bed before daylight and, in an old road cart, had sent them ten miles up the valley to "The Island" to attend the Lost River district school. But their elementary school days passed quickly. There were social, religious and educational advantages that the valley did not offer.

George Ferris resolved to leave Lost River Valley. Land that would find ready purchasers today at prices ranging from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre he offered to sell for seven dollars and fifty cents.

Land under the Ferris Slough at \$7.50 per acre! But that was before the coming of the missionary.

One day word came to Howard Bowler, the Baptist missionary pastor at Bellevue, Idaho, that there were people in the Big Lost River Valley who were hoping and praying that God would send them a preacher. He learned that some women were trying to maintain a Sunday school in the Lost River school-house. He felt to the full the compelling power of that appeal.

Big Lost River Valley was ninety miles from Bellevue. To reach this remote valley necessitated a journey across the lava desert by way of the old emigrant trail.

The missionary's only conveyance was an old, dilapidated, open buggy; for a horse he had Nellie, of unknown age and uncertain pedigree, and as lazy and stubborn a little old peg as was ever palmed off upon an unsuspecting preacher.

Early on a Wednesday morning the missionary started

from Bellevue, and at noon camped on Little Wood River. That night he put up at the Vance Ranch on Dead Man's Flat. Next morning he was up before sunrise and within an hour was skirting the famous lava field of the Snake River Plains, on a trail packed hard with bear tracks. A country melancholy and strange—"one of fracture, and violence and fire," as Fremont described it when he saw it for the first time. The vast flow of lava which spread over the level plains compelled the narrow trail to cling to the base of the rugged line of foothills on the north.

Altogether the lava covers a territory in southeastern Idaho, nearly one hundred and forty miles long, east and west, and seventy miles north and south, forming almost a parallelogram. In places it has the appearance of a black, angry sea petrified, with here and there a charred, dismantled ship, while in other places it resembles vast Oriental cities in ruins, with the outlines of temples, castles, gigantic walls and watch towers, effects caused by the floating away of large fragments of ruptured tuff cone on the surface of the outflowing lava stream, or the running together and hardening into single masses of many splashes of liquid lava.

In the widest and wildest part of the lava desert, midway between Dead Man's Flat and Martin's post office, the missionary passed the most conspicuous of the extinct volcanoes. The highest, known as "Old Crater," remarkable for the vast amount of lava which flowed from it, rises with steep slopes to a height of six hundred feet above the fields of lava surrounding it. The entire group of craters is called the Cinder Buttes.

On the whole, the lava fields presented to the eyes of



OF THE SAME RED BLOOD ARE THEY—THE FRONTIERSMAN AND THE MISSIONARY





the missionary a weird and awful scene, yet strangely fascinating and sublime. To look upon a landscape so rugged, so appalling, to feel its lonesomeness, and yet be charmed by it, truly is to be at peace with God and the world. From the first the aspect of this sombre waste gripped the imagination of the missionary and challenged his faith in the eternal fitness of all of the wonderful works of God. While he crossed it alone scores and scores of times, not only under the blazing sun when its absolute desolation was relieved in part by wonderful variations in color, ranging from deep red to brown, purple and deepest black, but also at night when the whole scene was depressing and terror inspiring, it never lost its interest for him.

At noon the missionary stopped at Martin's road-house where there were under cultivation a few acres of land that had escaped the lava. Here he secured dinner and fed his horse. While eating dinner he engaged the family in religious conversation and learned of a Mrs. Nelson, the wife of a prospector, whose cabin was located in a cove nearby.

"You probably won't care to go there," the missionary was informed. "She's crazy on religion."

"If there is anybody around here who has gone daffy on religion, I want to see her," said the missionary.

Accordingly the traveler hitched up Nellie and drove to Nelson's. He found that the husband was in the mountains prospecting. Mrs. Nelson was delighted when she learned that her visitor was a minister.

"I have not seen or talked with a preacher for fifteen years," she said. "Nor have I been to church during the same length of time."

Yet isolated as this woman had been she had kept alive her religious enthusiasm by reading Moody's life and sermons. When night came on, Mrs. Nelson gave the missionary the house—a shack composed of one room—and took an armful of quilts and went out and slept in the granary. Governed by the spirit of western hospitality she would consent to no other arrangement.

Lost River was distant eighteen miles from Mrs. Nelson's cabin. The following Sunday morning, responding to the invitation of the missionary who continued his journey from her door early Friday morning, Mrs. Nelson hitched a pony to a two-wheeled cart and drove to Lost River to attend Sunday school. For over a year, until she left Idaho to make her home with her husband in Alaska, this devoted woman drove the eighteen miles every Sunday morning to meet her Sunday school class and then back home in the afternoon. This was but one of the outstanding cases of devotion to the work as carried on by these frontier people.

As already stated, the missionary left the Nelson cabin Friday morning and drove to Arco. The last stretch of the journey was across the Era Desert, where countless horses and cattle ranged the year round. At eleven o'clock he tied old Nell to the hitching rack in front of George Ferris' store.

The frontier merchant and his wife gave the missionary a hearty welcome to Big Lost. Secretly Ferris wondered what this modest young stranger would be able to accomplish in the valley, but he betrayed nothing of his misgivings. That the missionary had driven from Bellevue, across the lava desert and across Era Desert with any hope of reaching his destination with the rig he

owned, was clear proof that the young man was an optimist. Ferris' friendship was quickly won.

The missionary was favorably impressed with the type of man who had given him so royal a welcome to his new field of labor. Indeed he was agreeably surprised to find in this remote corner of the world a home of such genuine culture as this one. It was one of the most delightful experiences which marked those early days of his ministry.

During the noon meal the missionary discussed the whole valley with Mr. and Mrs. Ferris. The latter were one in the opinion that the place to start religious work was at Lost River, the settlement ten miles further up the valley and to make that point the center of missionary work carried on throughout the entire valley.

Accordingly, after dinner, the missionary drove to the Harger Ranch, one of the best places in the vicinity of Lost River. Here he found a fine character in the person of Mrs. Harger, who was mistress of a home that bore every evidence of culture and refinement. That Friday night spent as a guest in this home was one never to be forgotten by the missionary. Toward sunset Mr. Harger returned from a business trip. A civil engineer, and a man of broad education and vision, he was in every way his wife's equal.

At the Harger Ranch was "Young Mat" Boyle who was in charge of a hay crew. Mat greeted the missionary heartily, for he was glad to see a preacher in Lost River Valley. It will be remembered that it was Mat who had sent for the old preacher to conduct his father's funeral. And Mat was among those who had urged the

necessity of sending to Bellevue for our young missionary.

Daisy Gray, the charming young lady who presided over the school at Lost River, was visiting at the Harger Ranch. No gallant rider of the plains, happily disengaged, neglected to tie his horse at the gate of the home where Daisy was staying on a Friday or Saturday night, if his "duties" took him within an hour's ride of supper time. On this particular Friday night several of the eligible young men of the valley had found no reason why they should not "drop in" for a while.

Around Mrs. Harger's supper table gathered at the close of this strenuous day for the missionary a company that was animated with an expectancy hardly definable. For this one Friday night, at least, the "Belle of Big Lost" was not the center of attraction. It must be remembered that a preacher was a curiosity in Big Lost in that day. There were young men and women in that region who had never seen one, and actually wondered what one looked like. There were fathers and mothers among the first settlers who had not attended a religious service for fifteen to twenty years.

In a vast territory absolutely virgin as far as church life was concerned, the missionary began his work. Early Saturday morning he started out with one of Harger's horses and called upon as many people as he could reach within a day's drive. He announced morning and evening services to be held in the dance hall at Lost River—the town proper was composed of one store, a saloon, a blacksmith shop, the dance hall and a few dwelling houses.

The excitement occasioned by the arrival of a preacher in Big Lost River Valley spread rapidly.

"Say, Bill, did you know that a preacher had come to Big Lost?"

"You don't mean it!"

"I reckon I do."

"How long is he going to stay?"

"Oh, several weeks I reckon. There's goin' to be preachin' in the dance hall tomorrow."

So the word was carried ahead of the missionary as he drove up and down the valley. The dance hall at Big Lost was filled both morning and evening. A Sunday school was organized. It was announced that there would be preaching in the dance hall every night during the week except when dances were given. In the afternoon of that first Sunday in the Big Lost River Valley the missionary went down to Old Arco and held a service there.

The missionary started out Monday morning with the determination to visit as many ranches as possible before sundown. Every day he made this his program. From morning until night, every day for six weeks, as he drove up and down the Big Lost River Valley, and to the headwaters of every creek that emptied into Big Lost, he prospected for treasures far more precious than gold. Before six weeks had expired there was not a family in that entire region into whose home he had not entered. He preached more than once in all of the widely separated school-houses. His publicity plan for a service was simplicity itself.

Let us suppose that it is the intention of the missionary to hold a meeting at two o'clock in the Antelope school-

house. In the early morning he leaves the place where he was entertained the night before and drives toward the Antelope district, making calls along the way. When within five or six miles of the Antelope school-house, he begins to tell the people of the afternoon meeting. The missionary continues his drive as far beyond the school-house as time permits, announcing the service at every ranch. At noon the ranchmen "knock off" work and "fix up" to drive their folks to meeting.

Following the afternoon service the missionary starts back on a different road towards Lost River, making as many calls on the way as time permits. This was the daily program during a period of six weeks. Of course, Old Nell was unequal to the task, but at every ranch there was a change of horses at the disposal of the missionary.

Meetings were kept up without interruption in the dance hall at Lost River. The people attended these meetings in large numbers as well as the meetings in the school-houses. Invariably the small school-houses were packed; in many instances the men sat on the floor in the back of the room.

Two incidents, both humorous and pathetic, showed how foreign to the life of the community all religious exercises had been before the coming of the missionary.

One evening the missionary was holding a service in a log school-house so low that the windows had to be put in lengthwise in order to escape the roof. Not a soul could sing "Nearer My God to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or any of the familiar gospel hymns. The missionary was obliged to sing these songs as solos. As he began to preach, he heard footsteps on the little plat-



form in front of the door. No one came in and as the air was chilly outside, the missionary wondered at this.

Someone knocked. The missionary was at a loss to know what to do. Should he continue his sermon or make an investigation? A man in the audience seemed to understand the situation and opened the door.

Two young men walked into the room. They were cowboys from some remote section who wanted to attend the service, but did not know the proper way to enter the school-house. Was it proper form to knock or walk in uninvited? For several minutes they had been standing outside discussing the point.

One afternoon the missionary was preaching in the Antelope school-house, when he saw a pair of bright eyes peering through the crack between two logs where the chinking had fallen away. Presently, the door opened and an eighteen-year-old youth, clad in red flannel shirt and corduroy pants, stepped in. To reach a vacant seat he was obliged to walk to the front row of desks, but as he did so he kept his eyes riveted upon the preacher. When he sat down he did not look about him, but kept watching the first minister of the Gospel upon whom it had been his lot to feast his eyes. Presently, he glanced at some men near him. Something about their appearance caused him to raise his hand quickly to his head. Off came his hat!

Before the end of the six weeks the man who owned the dance hall came to the missionary and charged him with having broken the Golden Rule. The basis of his charge was that the preacher had interfered with his business. The people of Big Lost had become so inter-

ested in the gospel services that there had been no crowd for a dance.

One of the first and at the same time, one of the most remarkable conversions among the many which occurred during the six weeks the missionary conducted meetings in Lost River, was that of John Weldon. There is no necessity of recording his real name. When the missionary arrived in Big Lost he heard of this man. He was one of the first men the missionary called upon. His reputation in the valley was an unenviable one. The missionary heard that he was quarrelsome. He was known as "the man who had no neighbors." Nobody craved any business dealings with him.

The missionary found John Weldon and his wife at home. He talked with them about religion, but Weldon refused to attend the services at Lost River. The wife complained of poor health as the easiest way out of an embarrassing situation. But that night Weldon walked to the dance hall alone.

It happened that the text used by the missionary that night struck as steel against the flinty heart of the ranchman. It was: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

On his way home the text kept ringing in Weldon's head.

"That describes me," he muttered savagely to his wife after he had given her an account of the service.

During the night he rolled and tossed upon his bed.

"That's the last time I'll hear that preacher," was his vow at the breakfast table. "He had it in for me."

At the supper table he was strangely silent; but as he left the house, he said: "I guess I'll go again tonight."

God gave him a little more light at the dance hall that night. He ceased his mutterings against the preacher and began to feel that there was some hope for him. Two or three days later he surrendered his heart to Christ.

After the victory Weldon said to the missionary, "There is my home. You come and stay with us as long as you're here."

Weldon and his wife were baptized through the ice in Weldon's irrigation pond. The ranchman developed into a substantial member of the Lost River Baptist Church. The attitude of his neighbors toward him altered. He won their friendship and good will by his changed attitude toward them. He became "Neighbor" Weldon, whereas before he had been "the man who had no neighbors." Months later the missionary made another extended trip to Big Lost Valley and Weldon handed him \$120 for missions, which was his offering to the Lord, being a tenth of the receipts obtained by the sale of some cattle. As long as he lived he remained a tither. His wife and children have maintained this good record.

The transformation of John Weldon was only a good illustration of what took place in Big Lost River Valley. During the six weeks the missionary labored in Big Lost River Valley he preached sixty sermons, drove over one thousand miles, visited every family within twenty miles of Lost River post office in all directions, distributed as much Christian literature as Old Nell could conveniently haul from Bellevue, held frequent personal interviews with inquirers concerning the Christian life, organized a church and Sunday school at Lost River, secured a lot, superintended the hauling of rock for the foundation of

a church building, and engaged lumber for the structure from "Young Mat" Boyle, who ran a sawmill somewhere in the foothills above Big Lost.

This bare summary of six weeks of a frontier missionary's life may mean nothing to a casual reader; yet what a world of service packed within so short a time!

One day a rider dismounted, trailed his bridle-rein in front of the trading post at Old Arco and with an assured air stepped inside and asked for George Ferris.

"I understand you have land for sale at \$7.50 an acre," he said. "I would like to look it over."

"I have no land for sale," said Ferris.

"No land for sale! What have you been advertising?" The stranger was disappointed, for he knew what sort of land lay under the Ferris Slough, and had made up his mind to have some.

"I have no land on the market," said the merchant, his eyes twinkling with a gladness the stranger could not comprehend.

The gaze of the frontier trader drifted past the stranger to a near-by rise of ground. Moving slowly across the sky line was a dilapidated, old buggy drawn by an old peg of a horse. The driver of this antiquated rig was singing. From the joyous, unquenchable youth in him bubbled snatches of a gospel song which the valley was singing every night in the dance hall at Lost River.

When George E. Ferris passed away not long ago he still owned the land under the Ferris Slough. To the end he took a great deal of interest in the religious life of his beloved valley. The writer first met him at the Idaho Baptist State Convention held in Pocatello, September, 1917, and later at his beautiful home in Arco.

In a great many instances during its early history the Baptist Church at Arco (originally the Lost River Baptist Church) was saved from financial disaster through the generosity and persistent efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Ferris. Mr. Ferris held many positions of trust in his community. A few years before his death he retired from active business and devoted practically all of his time to work of a public nature. He was county chairman of the Red Cross campaign and that his efforts were not in vain is shown by the fact that Butte county trebled its allotment. Hundreds of friends from all parts of the valley were in attendance at his funeral, but the Baptist Church was not large enough to hold more than one-half of them. The editor of the local newspaper said with reference to the passing of this representative of a splendid race of men to whom every western commonwealth owes a debt of gratitude:

“The whole community has suffered a great loss in his passing. No bronze or marble shaft, no splendor of ancient or modern tombs and no play of immortal genius can adorn the memory of such manly men. Their lives, their deeds, their influence, and their pure aspirations are the monuments that will keep their names burning in the homes and hearts of all those with whom they came in contact.”

## II

### “IF HE HAD NOT COME”

Many years before the coming of our missionary to the Sawtooth mountain region, a man in England, who will be designated as Silas Haverford for purposes of this narrative, was told by Mormon missionaries of the “Latter Day Saints” and the “Zion” of God’s people. With only a partial knowledge of the religious sect founded by Joseph Smith, Haverford became an ardent “saint” and for several years assisted in sending not a few of his countrymen to America to join the Mormon settlements. Finally his means were exhausted, save barely enough to take himself and family to Utah. But he had been assured from the first that everything he spent to help others on their way to prosperity and happiness in the “Promised Land” would be returned to him many times. Upon his arrival he found that “Zion”

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\*The writer has withheld actual names of persons and places where a failure to do so might cause embarrassment. The purpose of this story, which is true in every particular, is to reveal the rare Christian faith of two girls on the frontier who refused to embrace Mormonism, preferring poverty and the loss of home and friends rather than the comfort which was conditioned by their compliance with the practices of a sect that made polygamy one of the chief tenets of its peculiar creed, and whose teachings today are as reprehensible as ever.



was not what he had anticipated. Right vigorously did he rebel when it was brought to his notice that he would be expected to "obey counsel" in the matter of taking unto himself a second wife. He felt that he had been outrageously duped and made bold to say so. He was warned to be silent lest the "Avenging Angel" come upon him. However, he persisted in declaring that he had been deceived by the missionaries who had told him nothing of the real character of the Mormon Church and its leaders. He was denied the means of supporting his family. The Mormon authorities controlled the bread necessary to fill the mouths of his hungry children. What could he do, penniless as he was, in opposition to a force that was a law unto itself and yet recognized no law?

Cruel pressure of circumstances compelled Haverford to accept the hardest kind of work at minimum wages. One day he was sent to care for some lime kilns in a desolate spot among the hills. With grave misgivings he kissed his wife and children good-bye. He had no money to take him back to England. He had no alternative but to go to the hills and his lonely task. At noon two small daughters carried his dinner to him. But they returned with the lunch basket untouched.

"We can't find papa anywhere," they told their mother between their sobs.

Men went to the hills and returned with Haverford's lifeless body. They said that he had been killed by the Indians. At the funeral an Indian chief, having heard that the white men accused his tribe of the dastardly murder, stalked into the home and looked at the dead body of the Englishman.

"No sabe," he said as he shook his head solemnly. "No Indian kill him."

The wife, left with four young children to support, was confronted with obstacles almost insurmountable. Her Mormon neighbors, suspicious of her loyalty to the faith, treated her coldly; very little of the kind of work which she could do for them came her way. In fear of persecution, she dared not work openly for the "Gentiles." Only after dark, with the curtains drawn, did she essay to perform laundry work for people of non-Mormon affiliations. Yet, strange as it may seem, she brought up her family as Mormons. The three daughters developed into attractive young women; the son became the able supporter of the family.

In due course of time two of the daughters married Mormon men; that was inevitable. One of these men had attained high rank in the councils of the church. His name, if mentioned, would be recognized at once by anyone at all familiar with the personnel of the ruling body of the Mormon church authorities. When this Mormon official took another wife, the first wife was obliged to share the affections of her husband with her rival. The dual family lived in a double house. During the alternate weeks while the first wife was deprived of the company of her husband, she was a veritable maniac. Torn by grief, despair and rage, she would pace the floor like a caged lioness, pausing now and then to place her ear against the partition wall dividing her home from that of the woman whom a pernicious ecclesiastical system had used to accomplish her domestic unhappiness. When the United States Government took steps to compel every polygamous Mormon to put away all but his

legal wife, this church official fled to Mexico where, it is said, he has continued to practice polygamy.

The Mormon who married the second daughter of Mrs. Haverford will be known in these pages as Dave Ormsby. Mrs. Haverford's third daughter, impelled by a horror of the Mormon institution that words cannot describe, fled from home when a troop of United States cavalry passed through her village and begged the officer in command to take her out of the Mormon territory. The officer sensed the situation at once and consented to escort the girl to New Mexico, where he had orders to report. The fugitive never returned to Utah. In New Mexico she met the man of her heart whom she married. In New Mexico she lived happily with her husband and children until her death a few years ago.

Dave Ormsby took up land in Idaho on the Snake River near Glenn's Ferry. He was living on his homestead at the time of the disastrous Bannock uprising.

The murderous and devastating Indian war which descended suddenly upon Idaho in 1878 began when Buffalo Horn, one of the head men of the Bannocks, succeeded in getting about two hundred warriors and a few of the young women to follow him on the warpath. The Indians were enraged because three white men drove some hogs to Camas Prairie and allowed them to feed upon the camas roots, which grew there in abundance. The Indians had been contending for a portion of the Camas Prairie country which was coveted by them because of the presence there of the camas root, which they used for food. They had been allowed by the Indian agent to go to Camas Prairie at any time to dig camas, hunt and fish and they had come to look upon this sec-

tion of the country as part of their reservation, although, as a matter of fact, nothing was said in the treaty about including Camas Prairie within the reservation.

Following the termination of the Indian wars, the settlement of many fertile valleys in southeastern Idaho, where water for irrigating purposes was easily obtainable, proceeded rapidly. The Mormons were not slow in getting possession of much of this desirable land. Dave Ormsby, of whom mention has been made, moved with his family from the Snake River Valley to a small but exceedingly beautiful and fertile valley bordered by the foothills of the Sawtooth Mountains. This locality will be designated in this narrative as the Little Sage River Valley. Ormsby took up land near a settlement, which, for present purposes, will be called Mallard.

On their father's ranch Ellen and Kitty Ormsby grew from girlhood to young womanhood. While they shared the home with several younger brothers and sisters, it is around these two remarkable girls that our interest must now center. Ellen was eighteen years of age, and Kitty fifteen when they became the leaders among the young Mormon people of Mallard. No social event on the Little Sage was quite complete unless Ellen and Kitty Ormsby sanctioned it by their presence. Their home was the magnet toward which the youth of Mallard and of the Little Sage River Valley irresistibly were drawn. Vivacious, self-reliant Ellen, or the lovely, less demonstrative Kitty—each possessed a personal charm all her own.

It was at this period in the lives of these two captivating prairie maids when Howard Bowler, designated in these pages as the missionary, received an invitation from one of the school directors at Mallard to begin evange-

listic services in the school-house as soon as he was at liberty to do so.

The missionary lived many miles from that Mormon community, and when he arrived upon his new field he was not a little dumb-founded to find that there never had been a "Gentile" service held in the place. He discovered married people who had yet to see a minister of the gospel other than a Mormon bishop or elder.

The first service, held in the school-house, was well attended. Many of the Mormons came at first out of curiosity, but later, in greater numbers, because of the interest aroused by the missionary's presentation of the gospel message. Among these seekers after truth were Dave Ormsby and his wife. They were at the first service, while their two older daughters, Ellen and Kitty, at a neighborhood dance, openly ridiculed that "kid preacher from over the divide" and his revival meetings.

There being no dance the following night they went with their parents when the latter asked them to go to the gospel service at the school-house, and both were deeply stirred by the message. It was the first gospel sermon they ever had heard.

Ellen thought that she was sure of herself. Outwardly she gave no evidence of the fierce battle taking place in her heart. For three days she held out and then one evening, just before meeting time, decided the question alone. She spoke to Kitty. The two girls went with their father and mother to the school-house. During the sermon they paid the closest attention to everything the preacher said, but they gave no evidence that the message had touched their hearts.

Two or three nights later, two most remarkable con-

versions became public knowledge in Mallard. When the complete history of missionary endeavors on the western frontier is written, mention will be made of the heroism and Christian forbearance of the two Ormsby girls. At the close of the missionary's appeal both girls walked forward unhesitatingly and made definite declaration of their belief that Jesus of Nazareth was their Lord and Saviour. At the close of the service Dave Ormsby and his wife invited the preacher home. The missionary was glad of the invitation, for he wanted to have further conversation with the two young converts.

The bold stand for Christ taken by Ellen and Kitty Ormsby started things. From that time on the young people of Mallard forsook the dances in favor of the revival meetings. A week after the conversion of the Ormsby girls the missionary had occasion to go to Bellevue to perform a wedding ceremony. He drove back to Mallard in a blizzard. Three miles from Mallard he stopped at a ranch-house, intending to put up for the night. To go on through the storm seemed to him to be the height of foolishness, but somehow he felt urged to keep on. When he reached the school-house he found a team at every hitching-post and the room jammed with people.

A few days later the Mormon bishop came to the missionary and said: "I do not wish to argue with you. I have been attending your services as you know. I only wish to say this to you, *if you are right, I am wrong.*"

The report of the Mallard meetings reached the Mormon church authorities in Salt Lake City. This also was inevitable. One of the twelve apostles of the Mormon church, accompanied by another very prominent



leader in that religious body, went to Mallard at once. Using the means they possessed, the church officials applied the screws and forbade their people attending the "Gentile" services.

The Mormons tried to keep the Ormsby girls from the meetings but failed. Dave Ormsby and his wife swung back under Mormon influences and remained away. The girls then rode to the school-house with their neighbors until the father told the latter to refuse the girls a ride. Then the girls rode in on their own saddle horses until their father hid their saddles. After that they walked. And they did not miss a single service. When Ormsby saw that all indirect methods to force his daughters to embrace Mormonism had failed, he resorted to ridicule and slander.

"If you take up with that preacher, who will associate with you?" he demanded. "Look at some of his converts! Do you want them for your friends?"

The girls remained silent. But upon their faces was written the determination to suffer the scorn of neighbors and friends if they must.

"And remember this," went on the irate father. "No more college for you, Ellen."

The older girl had enjoyed one delightful year at the Brigham Young University. She wanted to go on and finish her course so that she could obtain a first grade teacher's certificate. It was a powerful leverage her father was using. But it did not move her from the position she had taken.

Convinced that neither ridicule nor mild threats would deter his daughters from attending the meetings, nor cause them to withdraw their allegiance to the

hated "Gentile" faith, Ormsby, for a few days, was at a loss to know what to do. He spent much time during the night walking the floor of his bed-chamber alternately cursing his Maker because he had been endowed with two such stubborn daughters and petitioning the same God to give him the power to curb their rebellious spirits. One moment he would be swept by his passion into giving utterance to the vilest denunciation of the Gentile preacher who had come to the valley and the next moment he would be upon his knees sobbing hysterically.

An adjoining room was occupied by the two girls who had defied this father. They could not sleep while their father raved, and they knew that he intended that they should not.

One night, during one of her father's fits of anger and despair, Ellen spoke to her sister.

"This cannot go on much longer," she said. "What had we better do?"

"I think that we must leave home." The gentle Kitty spoke with conviction, although she was trembling from head to foot.

Ellen was not unprepared for this answer, for she knew that her sister's faith was strong. But she must test her further. "It says in the Book that we must honor our father and mother," she hinted.

"I know that, but we are also told that we must forsake father and mother and brothers and sisters for Jesus' sake if necessary."

"I will not go back to the old life," said Ellen firmly. "I only wanted to be sure of you."

"Poor mamma!" Kitty cried herself to sleep in Ellen's arms.

Secretly the mother had been sympathizing with her daughters. But there was the welfare of the younger children to consider and like all women of the frontier, she was dependent upon her man.

"You must decide between the Baptists and your home," said Ormsby the following Sunday morning. "If you go to the Gentile church this morning you need never set foot in this house."

The girls' faces saddened, but they accepted the ultimatum quietly. They had been expecting it and were prepared with their answer.

"Father, we have accepted Christ as our Saviour," said the older girl sweetly. "We feel that if it has come to the point of giving up Christ or home we must remain with Christ."

With pallid lips tightly closed Ellen and Kitty passed out of their home with no worldly possessions but the clothes they wore. They had embraced the teachings of Christ as furnishing the principles of right living and were convinced that in Him was life and happiness. Nothing else mattered. They had fought the thing out upon their knees and were ready to meet calmly the issues that must confront them as castaways for Jesus' sake. They had come to the point of forsaking father and mother in obedience to a call they could not ignore. There was no fuss, no sentimentality, no playing to the galleries. They were not conscious that they were doing anything wonderful.

After service Sunday morning the sisters called the

missionary to one side and told him quietly what had happened.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked the missionary.

"We are going to Hailey to find work."

The girls were invited to the home of one of the Baptist families and early the following morning started for Hailey with the missionary who had volunteered to drive his team to the county seat and assist them in finding employment. The girls found positions as domestics.

Dave Ormsby, feeling that he had suffered an outrage in the eyes of his Mormon neighbors, was stirred to desperation when he learned that his daughters intended to join the Baptist church that was being organized in Mallard.

"Go tell that preacher that if he baptizes my daughters a funeral will follow," said he to one of his Gentile neighbors.

This neighbor, greatly concerned about the matter, went to the young pastor from Bellevue. "Better be careful," he cautioned. "Ormsby is a desperate man."

The missionary somehow could not rid himself of a fear that the Mormon might try to kill him from ambush, Indian fashion. He saw the girls and told them of the threat that their father had made.

"We would like to be baptized right away," the older girl said, "but we do not want you to run any risk."

"That's the way I feel," said Kitty.

"I am ready to baptize you," said the missionary.

"We want to be baptized in the little creek that

flows across father's farm. So we'll go to Mrs. Gordon's ranch, where we'll be close to our old home. And we want public notice given of the service. We will have nothing to do with Mormonism and we want the community to know it."

The night before the service the missionary stayed at the B——— ranch, just over the divide from the Little Sage River Valley. Mrs. B———, an earnest Baptist, decided to go with him to witness the service. As the two went over the divide and descended toward Little Sage River where the baptism was to take place, they saw a man with a rifle coming up the road. Mrs. B——— was frightened, but the missionary assured her that Ormsby would not come after him with a rifle in the open like that.

Little Sage River was swollen by reason of heavy rains in the mountains. On the opposite side of the stream were the Ormsby girls with a number of the church people. How to ford the river and join them was the question. Here was a real danger. The missionary advised Mrs. B——— to remain on the west side of the river, but she said that she was not afraid to cross, and declared her purpose to do so if anybody did.

"Here goes then!"

In the middle of the turbulent stream the water came up to the horses' backs and within one inch of the buggy seat. But with feet resting on dash board, the two escaped a wetting.

The Ormsby girls were baptized and the missionary's funeral has not taken place up to the present writing.

When the Lost River school-house was built a man

was secured as the first teacher and old-timers will tell you that the trustees presented him with a loaded cowboy's quirt with the injunction—given with picturesque cowboy emphasis—that its use was absolutely necessary.

In course of time came Daisy Gray and then Ellen Ormsby to guide the youth of Lost River into paths of wisdom. It is not related that they ever had occasion to use the cowboy's quirt.

Ellen had worked as a domestic at a home in Hailey a month, when some friends in Mallard became interested in her behalf and established a private school for her, paying her a small salary by personal subscription. She did not have a teacher's certificate but was remarkably successful as a teacher from the first. She studied industriously at night and soon prepared herself to take the examination for a teacher's certificate. She successfully passed the examination, receiving a third grade certificate. In the meantime the missionary was on the lookout for a school for her and secured her appointment as teacher of the Lost River school. He took her in his own rig across the dreary lava desert to the beautiful valley.

Only once since Ellen Ormsby's conversion did she return to the home from which she had been driven. The purpose of this visit was to ask her father for financial assistance. Kitty was in failing health and needed an expensive course of treatment in a hospital. When she found that it would be impossible to obtain funds from home unless Kitty and she embraced Mormonism, she realized that there was no alternative, but to call upon her friends in her extremity. She did this



shrinkingly, yet her concern for her sister drove her to it. Kitty received the necessary medical attention and her life was saved.

Kitty was in the hospital at Salt Lake City when Ellen began teaching in Lost River Valley. It was about this time that the Lost River Baptist church was dedicated—a notable event in the history of the valley. The rough lumber had been brought down from the hills and all dressed lumber and other building materials were hauled by freighters across the burning Blackfoot Desert. The missionary had brought with him across the lava desert Rev. L. G. Clark, the superintendent of missions for Montana and Idaho. After the dedication of the church a few days were spent in special meetings. The spirit of the Master was there in manifest power.

Among those who testified in one of the meetings was Ellen Ormsby, the young school teacher. Somehow, she had been prompted to relate, in part, her experience since her revolt against Mormonism and the consequent happiness which had marked her Christian life. It was a heroic thing to do. But she had had a unique experience. She did not speak at all bitterly. She felt that she must tell the things that would magnify Christ. Her story told, she was about to sit down when she turned and faced the congregation again.

“Dear friends,” she said, her soul inspired and the light of heaven upon her face, “if this were all—if there were nothing more of Christianity than this—the glory and blessed mission of service—it would be worth everything. But it is not all!” Inexpressibly sweet and tender was the voice of the girl as her soul

flamed forth. "It is not all! There is something beyond; there is an eternity of service. And will you not enter into this larger, fuller life which God makes possible?"

Hearts were melted with Christian love that night, while the angels sang in heaven.

Grant Steadman, a young ranchman, was in the congregation that night to hear the thrilling words of the girl who had won her freedom. With all the strength of his manhood he loved Ellen Ormsby. Indeed, since the arrival of the Lost River schoolma'm, his heart had been hers. He was well educated, of fine parentage and in every respect worthy of this queen of the country, yet he had failed thus far to win her consent to marry him.

It was during one of the missionary's first meetings in the valley that Grant had taken a whole-hearted stand for Christ. His way of coming had been so straightforward and clean, that it had made a profound impression upon the people of Big Lost. He had been a fine, moral young man but never had made a profession until one night the missionary preached a sermon on loyalty. The missionary had made it plain that there was a line of demarkation and a man must be absolutely on one side or the other. There was no middle ground—either for Christ or against him.

Grant Steadman had stood up and said, "Never until tonight has it come home to me that my neglect to confess Christ has kept me on the wrong side of the fence. But from now on I am on the Lord's side."

He hardly could wait until he reached home to tell the good news to his mother. The missionary went

home with him that night. Together they unharnessed the horses and put them in their stables. They went into the room where the mother was. The boy walked quickly across the room and put his arm around her neck.

"Mother," he said, "I told the people tonight that I was going to be a Christian from now on."

It was a moment of supreme happiness for the mother. She was a keen Bible student, believed in regeneration and had been waiting and praying for this event to occur in the life of her son.

Here, then, were two young people, wide-awake, broad-minded and consecrated—two among the many, whose lives had been touched by the missionary.

But for some reason Grant could not convince Ellen that it was in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that she should become his wife. Patiently, persistently and ardently he wooed her, but her ears seemingly were deaf to his pleadings.

After teaching a term at Lost River, Ellen accepted a school at the Narrows. Was it her purpose to elude her lover? If so, she failed to turn him aside in his purpose to win her as his wife. Grant always found it convenient to take her to her school Monday morning and come for her Friday night. Ellen's permanent home was with a family living near the Lost River post office.

One glorious afternoon Ellen stood in the entrance of her little school-house and saw him coming. How straight he sat as he galloped swiftly toward her. She was trembling with mingled feelings of expectancy and grief. This independent young ranchman had told her

that he meant to have a final answer this night. She had made up her mind that she must refuse him. And, how she loved him!

"No, Grant, I cannot say yes to you," she told him, "Not tonight."

"I said that I wouldn't do any more postponing," said the young man. "Now, there's my brother. He's been courting that Little Lost schoolma'm for six years and he's still at it. I'm going to get married right soon. Of course, if you don't want to be the bride at my wedding, I'll have to look for another girl."

His ultimatum was pure bluff, but he delivered it well, considering the pounding of his heart. The girl felt a tightening of her throat. She was not ready to lose him. In a word she betrayed her love for him.

"Then why can't we get married?" he asked.

In a few words she told him that Kitty was absolutely dependent upon her and that she was unwilling to burden him with her family cares.

"Oh, is that all?" he shouted gleefully. "Is that all? Why bless you, I'll adopt Kitty for my sister!"

The wedding occurred at the close of that term of school.

No brother could have shown an invalid girl greater devotion than that which Grant Steadman always has manifested for Kitty. Through all the years since that golden day when Ellen promised to marry him, Grant Steadman has included his "adopted sister" in his plans. With health won back, Kitty, within a few years after Ellen's marriage, won a splendid husband and a home.

The man who has been designated here as Grant Steadman is today one of the most prosperous and highly respected business men in Idaho. Ellen's two children are being prepared for college. Kitty's husband died a year before this record was nearing completion and she is now devoting her property and talents to the spread of the gospel in the inter-mountain region.

One day the writer sat in front of Ellen Ormsby Steadman's kitchen fire watching a pan of beautiful rainbow trout sizzling in butter. The view from the window was enticing, inasmuch as it included a broad sweep of green meadow, an irrigated valley dotted with many ranches almost as attractive as the Steadman ranch, and beyond the valley, the snow-capped Lost River mountains. But just then the trout were more enticing than the landscape. The watcher of the trout that were crisping in butter was thinking, and somehow his thoughts irresistibly were bound up with that cheery fire and the sputtering contents of the frying pan. Presently, Ellen Steadman removed the trout to the breakfast table.

"What if the missionary had not come to Mallard?" abruptly asked the lover of fried trout.

A startled expression appeared for an instant in the eyes of the hostess. "Oh, if he had not come!" she exclaimed.

Nor was the guest thinking only of the possible loss of a trout breakfast.

### III

## FOLLOWING THE TRAILS OF MODERN PATH-FINDERS

The frontiersman knows what it means to live far from the centers of civilization. Inured to hard toil and denied many of the comforts which, to people less hardy, seem indispensable, he has compensations hardly to be surpassed. He has learned how to take care of himself in the wilderness, where, to survive, no man may depend upon another. He has learned how to find his way across a trackless desert or pick the best trail down a precipitous mountainside. He knows what it is to drink in the atmosphere of freedom. With eyes that are keen and far-seeing, nerves of steel and an endurance that seems well-nigh miraculous to the uninitiated, he has been able to battle against odds and win a place in an environment where only the strong survive. To win his friendship is to possess a treasure more precious than gold, for in a school that has reared no artificial standards he has learned to be a judge of men.

Striving for worldly gain in a land that awards its prizes only to the strong-hearted and persevering, the great majority of the men the missionary meets have taken on the characteristics of the rugged frontier of which they are a part. They comprise the cattlemen, cowboys, ranchmen, freighters, miners, trappers, pros-



pectors and floating adventurers in the remote and thinly settled sections of the West. Gathered from all parts of the world, these men are of infinite variety in tastes, dispositions and manners. No matter by what principle of classification the missionary judges them, he knows that their coming to the West is an evidence of their energy. He knows that just as the volcanic dust, blown here and there by the winds, will make the finest farms when subdued by the harrow and irrigation hoe, so these adventurers, shifting like the sand from place to place whither fortune or caprice of will drives them, can settle down and become as desirable citizens as the nation holds.

The missionary may see the barren foothills and the desolation of sage brush and lava deserts, but he does not forget that beneath the rocky hillsides there may be found silver and gold, and where only sage and rock are discernible there may appear in time the gold of ripening grain and the royal purple of the blossoming alfalfa. And in like manner he sees the rough outward characteristics of the men of the sage brush country but he does not forget that underneath their roughness is a heroism that has paved the way for a new country and a new civilization.

And can we pay too high a tribute to the men and women bearing commissions from the Home Mission Societies and the Publication Society to labor in the missionary fields of the frontier? Yet, in no sense do they ask for our sympathy or charity. Like the frontiersmen with whom they labor, they are willing and capable of carving out and winning places for themselves in desert spaces or mountain wildernesses. They

have responded to the challenge of a difficult, yet worthy task. Shall we do less? To do the work assigned them calls for a new type of home missionary enterprise. Shall we hesitate when unprecedented calls are made upon the resources in our control?

The colporter-missionary or the missionary pastor, or woman missionary who works among the Indians or Mexicans, are in every way frontiersmen. They must have real hope and a program. They must be full of courage and resourceful, and, like the prospector, rejoice in their task and believe in their opportunity. Every day they are thrown into contact with men and women who are willing to deny themselves many of the comforts of life for the sake of developing the material resources of the country, and in like manner they must forego and undergo much for the development of the religious life of the country in which they have chosen to work.

"Should I not be willing to pioneer for souls?" Unequivocally the missionary answers this question in the affirmative.

The colporter-missionary's trips on the desert during the heat of the summer are often terrible—even worse than during the winter. The long, hot, dusty journeys are unavoidable, yet he accepts them philosophically as something to be borne without complaint inasmuch as they cannot be escaped. It is not so difficult to endure hardships when at the end of a long drive, a comfortable home and an appetizing meal awaits him, but not infrequently the missionary is his own housekeeper, in which case he is obliged to cook his own meals. Even the homes of the ranches that



HERE A MALLA TOLINIE, A MISSIONARY ALONG THE HINGGALING OF HONGKONG, CHINA



are hospitably thrown open to him are destitute of many of the comforts common to more settled communities. Yet he never feels that he is uncared for; nor are the people in the desert and mountain homes he enters made to feel any sense of shame because they have nothing better to offer him. Because a missionary can adapt himself to frontier hardships he is never patronizing, whether the meal is a sumptuous one or not. With him whatever is offered is a feast.

"Yes, this is my parish," said a colporter-missionary one day. "It reveals continually unlooked for beauties. It is never the same. I love it and do not wish to be elsewhere. While I miss the inspiration of a city parish where the stimulus of a large audience is an advantage, yet here I have a compensation which the city pastors have not. The eagerness of the people in these isolated communities to hear the gospel is something beautiful to see. Everywhere I find a welcome. Yes, I love it here."

If we should accompany him during an entire month while he travels from the Utah line on the west, away off to the east, nearly as far as the Continental Divide, by the end of the month, we would have traveled over one thousand miles, computing the actual road distances from one station to the other, but not taking wholly into the reckoning the number of miles covered in order to reach the ranchmen at their homes.

His ministry is unique, inasmuch as he takes the gospel to the sparsely settled, isolated and lonely places that otherwise would be utterly neglected in a missionary sense. He goes from home to home, holds religious conversations and sells or gives away books, Bibles and

New Testaments. On Sunday he preaches wherever he can gather a small group of people to hear the gospel. It is hard to tabulate the results of his work, but a single visit from this man of God has often changed the outlook for a whole family.

Not only do the colporter-missionaries touch many remote and sparsely settled communities where the maintenance of a regularly organized church is well-nigh impossible, but the versatility of the missionary enterprise as carried on by them is something to marvel at. What a program they must put through during the course of a year! Their work is as varied as life itself. They have heard the summons, "Follow me . . ." Indeed is there a legitimate activity in life with which the Christ did not identify himself?

"In yonder ranch school-house," he said, "I organized my first Sunday school as a colporter-missionary in Colorado."

My companion was Rev. W. G. Hooper, who covers a vast territory in southeastern Colorado, with headquarters in Lamar, Prowers county.

We were on our way to Lamar by automobile from Pueblo, where we had attended the inspiring sessions of the Colorado Baptist State Convention. At Pueblo it was my privilege to meet three of these joint missionaries of the American Baptist Publication Society and the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and with their assistance an itinerary was arranged.

We were approaching Rocky Ford, Otero county, when Mr. Hooper directed my attention to a neat rural school building on the opposite side of a huge



beet field. As the work of this missionary began at this point several months before, I at once expressed a desire to visit the school. As we took the cross-road I learned that we had entered the confines of one of several extensive ranches operated by a beet sugar company. The colporter was perfectly at home at the school, which was in the afternoon session. Although it had been some time since he had visited this point the boys and girls recognized him. For the most part they were members of the Sunday school which Mr. Hooper had organized.

We drove up just as the children were let out for the usual afternoon recess. They gathered about the colporter and listened to a gospel tune played by him with hand bells. One little fellow said that he could stand and listen to those bells all day. Bless his heart! While we were at the school along came a four-horse team hauling 9,000 pounds of sugar beets to the railway. Mac, the driver, was proud of his team and the big loads he was able to haul, and while he and the missionary were chatting, I saw my chance to get a picture.

From the school-house we drove over a good road that led to the ranch headquarters. To my great surprise I found a large, modern building that is known locally as the "ranch hotel." Here the single ranch hands are provided with good rooms and food at nominal cost. Nearby were cottages occupied by the other employees and their families. The manager of the ranch was about to leave on a big gray saddle horse for some distant part of the property, but tarried long enough to give us a friendly welcome. This hotel and

the manager of the ranch figure prominently in our colporter's first undertaking in Colorado.

When Mr. Hooper learned several months ago that no religious services of any kind were afforded the large number of people living on this great ranch, he called on the manager and proposed that a Sunday school be started.

"Go as far as you like," said the genial ranchman.

Accordingly Mr. Hooper called on all the ranch people and asked them to meet at the boarding house that night. In the big lounging room there were gathered an interesting group. There were men and women present who had not attended church for many years. There were cowboys, field workers, and general roustabouts. The question of whether or not to start a Sunday school on the ranch was discussed with spirit.

"It will do none of us any harm to go to church," said an old-timer, whose opinion was respected by all hands.

For a few weeks the Sunday school was held in the boarding house, but later was established in the new school-house, where it has been well maintained ever since.

We visited the Mexicans "topping" beets in the field. Throughout the entire West these people from across the Rio Grande are doing a great part of the hard labor in all lines of industry. Their coming in great numbers constitutes a new immigration problem. There is a large colony of them on this ranch, among whom our own Rev. Juan Rodrigues, a converted Catholic priest from Mexico, is laboring efficiently. In another section of this volume is told the story of his conversion.

We left the beet field and were about to continue our journey toward Rocky Ford when we received from two school boys on their way home a fine and hearty invitation to attend the Sunday school in the ranch school-house.

“Say, we-all would be glad to see you-all at our Sunday school next Sunday.”

There was no hesitation nor affectation on the part of the boy who spoke. The invitation came straight from the heart—good western hospitality expressed by one who had few social enjoyments to share with his fellows. I cherish the memory of the friendly voice of that young plainsman.

It was a pleasant run from Rocky Ford to La Junta, where we stopped for the night, arriving at Lamar at noon the following day, which was Saturday. It was a pleasure to visit the home of the missionary and learn of the plans for the improvement of the place and the education of some wonderfully interesting children. It is surprising how much can be done by some families with a limited income, when all try to be mutually helpful.

A regular old-time “norther” was sweeping down from Wyoming when we started toward Granada at noon Sunday to make one of Mr. Hooper’s regular appointments at another immense ranch owned by the same sugar beet company. A rain, that turned into ice as soon as it struck an object, was driven by the high gale against the wind-shield of our machine and made it almost impossible for Mr. Hooper to see the road ahead, except during the few minutes following an energetic wiping of the glass by the young man

who occupied the front seat with his father. Consequently, the missionary's son spent most of his time wiping the glass while we sped toward the ranch located about twenty miles from Lamar.

The ranch, toward which we were headed, is on the old Santa Fe trail near Granada, and is a village in itself. There are fifty cottages or more along well-laid-out driveways, besides the home of the general superintendent of all the ranches operated by the company in this part of southeastern Colorado. The ranch hotel is a fine building well equipped for the purpose of housing and feeding the big force of ranch hands who have no families. There are separate rooms for the men, shower baths and a social room or lobby. The attractive feature of the lobby is the large, friendly fireplace. About the fireplace gathered a number of cowboys and ranch hands who listened to a Bible reading and a prayer by the missionary. We received the kindest welcome from everyone. Once a month the missionary visits this ranch. By the way several of the ranch hands button-holed our friend for private interviews, it was evident that some of their personal problems had been kept in anticipation of his coming.

After supper, which we ate with the men, I walked to the school-house with one of the stock feeders.

"I tell you," he confided, "I like that man. He's a friend to everybody."

I knew that he meant the missionary, and somehow the wind did not seem nearly so cold. The sleet that cut our faces was merely an incident of no consequence in an otherwise bright and happy day. It is worthwhile to go twenty miles through a storm to serve a

people so appreciative. The ranch school-house was full of people to hear the gospel preached and to listen to the sweet tones of the chiming water glasses as played by the missionary.

Mr. Hooper's territory takes in the six or seven counties comprising southeastern Colorado. He was anxious to take me into Las Animas and Baca counties among the dry farmers, but limited time prevented the journey. Into many sparsely settled communities of the dry farming section faithful old "Henry" takes the missionary with his supply of Bibles and Christian literature. Everywhere the missionary's sympathetic gospel message is welcomed. In many ways we may go with him. To share in this unique form of kingdom building is one of the privileges of northern Baptists.

One day Mr. Hooper was making a long drive to a remote school district where he hoped to organize a Sunday school. Unfamiliar with the road, he stopped at a ranch to inquire of a young man stacking alfalfa the way to the school-house, which was twenty miles from this point. As the roads in that part of the country penetrated a dry farming section that was being opened up rapidly, and were for the most part comparatively new, the young man was doubtful whether his directions would be explicit enough to guide the missionary aright.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," offered the young ranchman. "I'll go all the way with you if you'll help me put up what hay I've got down."

"I'm hired," said Mr. Hooper, who had learned that among other things a missionary must be an opportunist.

On the way to the distant school-house the conversation became more and more intimate, until the mission-

ary made the discovery that his guide had an ambition to obtain a higher education but did not see his way clear to do so. The missionary did what he could to point out a way, and the young ranchman is now in college, looking forward to the Christian ministry as his life work, the colporter having become pathfinder to his guide.

Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Cox, have the neglected areas of eastern Idaho for their field, living during a great portion of the time in the colporter's wagon, which Mr. Cox has driven for many years.

One day they were driving in the country when Mr. Cox happened to notice a young farmer come in from the field, put up his team and go in and take a seat on his front porch. Immediately his wife and babe came out and sat by his side. It occurred to the missionary that he ought to drive over there and speak to them.

"I took my grip of Bibles," related Mr. Cox, "and walked over to the porch, sat down, opened the grip and asked the young homesteaders if they were Christians. They said that they were sorry to say they were not. At once I began to explain the Scriptures and the need of definitely accepting Christ and of witnessing for Him by word and deed. In less than twenty minutes they were praising God for the blessing of salvation. I sold them a family Bible and a teacher's Bible and they both agreed to begin attending Sunday school and church. What can the Spirit not accomplish?"

Perhaps there is no other church in America just like the Baptist Church of Montezuma Valley, Colorado. It is divided into three parts—each group widely separated from any other group, and all worshipping in school-houses.



When the colporter-missionary told me that there were to be baptisms the following day in an ancient Aztec reservoir near the Shiloh school-house where one group of this Baptist church met for worship, I was more than pleased.

It was the first week of November and Rev. W. F. Cole, the missionary, was anxious to cover as much ground as possible before the winter storms made the roads impassable for automobiles. His territory certainly was a vast one, bounded on the south by New Mexico, on the west by Utah, on the north by the Montesuma, San Juan and Durango National Forests, and on the east by the Continental Divide. The distance from one end of his field to the other is one hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies, and I do not know how many miles further by way of the winding valley and mountain trails.

During the past two days we had traveled long distances, the missionary, in addition to several calls, having conducted two services, one in a remote dry farming district, the post office of which is Yellow Jacket, and the other in an irrigated district called Beulah. The ranchman and his wife who furnished us with supper and lodging at the end of the second day's journey gave us an early breakfast next morning, so that we could reach the Aztec reservoir in time for the baptismal services.

We found that we had need of an early start. Old Lizzie, of 1914 vintage, a good car in its younger days, was getting notional in its old age. I recalled the plea Mr. Cole made at the Colorado Convention for a new car and I hope the man who said that he would give the last \$100 for another car was called on for his check. Wheezing like an old warrior in need of a pension, the

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During the past two days we had traveled long distances, the missionary, in addition to several calls, having conducted two services, one in a remote dry farming district, the post office of which is Yellow Jacket, and the other in an irrigated district called Beulah. The ranchman and his wife who furnished us with supper and lodging at the end of the second day's journey gave us an early breakfast next morning, so that we could reach the Aztec reservoir in time for the baptismal services.

We found that we had need of an early start. Old Lizzie, of 1914 vintage, a good car in its younger days, was getting notional in its old age. I recalled the plea Mr. Cole made at the Colorado Convention for a new car and I hope the man who said that he would give the last \$100 for another car was called on for his check. Wheezing like an old warrior in need of a pension, the

of the reservoir and an exposure made just as the hands of the members of the little church were raised as a token that the candidates were acceptable for church membership after baptism. Here was a beautiful culmination of the heroic efforts of the missionary to allow no obstacle to prevent him from meeting the little band of Baptists at their agreed-upon rendezvous among the ruins of an ancient city of the mound-builders.

## IV

### ON REMOTE WATERWAYS WITH THE GOSPEL CRUISERS

A few years ago Rev. G. L. Hall, the only Baptist minister in two entire counties of Oregon, was traveling up one of the long arms of Coos Bay in a small boat that discharged freight and mail at the many tiny piers along the way. Pioneer conditions existed everywhere. There were no highways penetrating this wilderness. Water transportation was the only means of reaching the people in these isolated settlements. During the course of his journey this thought constantly was brought home to Mr. Hall: "Why cannot the many waterways of the Coos Bay country be used to carry the gospel as well as goods to the people? If only we had a colporter in a boat."

Thus in a word this frontier missionary had defined the mission of a gospel cruiser. Not many months passed before the *Life-Line*, the first cruiser of the present fleet commissioned under Baptist auspices, was plying the waters of Coos Bay, Oregon, captained by Mr. Hall. After five years of service on board the *Life-Line* Mr. Hall was given command of the *Robert G. Seymour*, sailing the long reaches of Puget Sound. His associate is Rev. D. Q. Barry. Rev. Jesse T. Anderson is the present commander of the *Life-Line*.

These gospel cruisers were built and maintained by the Publication Society. In a recent denominational ad-

justment the salaries of the missionaries are paid by the Home Mission Society, and this missionary work is supervised by the convention of the state in the waters of which the cruisers sail. They are under the general supervision of Secretary George L. White, whose headquarters are at 313 West Third Street, Los Angeles, California. He is the joint secretary of the two national societies interested in this work. The Publication Society owns the boats and pays for their upkeep and expense of operation. These boats distribute Bibles and Christian literature as agents of the Publication Society.

The gospel cruisers were designed and built for the special work in which they are engaged. They embody features that have been accepted after a prior attempt to use a boat in missionary work had failed. The *Life-Line* is of the glass-cabin cruiser type, forty feet long, and is equipped with a twenty-four horse-power engine. The machinery is so arranged that one man can handle the boat. The main cabin is seventeen feet in length, and is large enough to hold between forty and fifty people. It was the absence of this chapel space that doomed the previous attempt to failure.

The *Robert G. Seymour*, which is the largest gasoline-driven gospel cruiser afloat in American waters, is fifty-one and a half feet long, with an eleven foot six beam, and draws four and one-half feet. It is equipped with a four-cylinder, forty horse-power Corliss engine. While two missionaries generally are assigned to the boat, it is capable of one-man operation. Both boats have complete electric lighting equipment, with a searchlight for night travel. The cabin of the *Robert G. Seymour* serves as chapel as well as living quarters for the missionary-com-



mander and his helper. It is fitted with lockers for storage, an organ and a loan library.

Puget Sound, with its 1,700 miles of coast line, is the scene of the activities of the *Robert G. Seymour*. Here are eighteen counties accessible to sea-going vessels, giving Washington more inland water front than any other State in the Union. In the many arms and inlets are countless islands and villages where pioneer conditions still prevail.

Some interesting data is obtained from a recent report of the work of the *Robert G. Seymour*. We are told that while sixty per cent. of the points touched by the gospel cruiser are within one hundred miles of Seattle and others within fifty miles of some one of the thriving cities—Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle, Everett and Bellingham—yet forests as dense as any in our country and long water routes isolate these communities from the above-mentioned centers of population. Only as one journeys through this region will he come to understand how such absolute pioneer conditions can exist close to urban life.

Using the school census as a basis of calculation, it is estimated that one-third the population of Washington is of foreign birth, and that ten per cent. of the people living in school districts have no church or Sunday school privileges. The men, whose families live in these remote communities, are employed in 900 saw-mills, 450 shingle-mills and 1,200 logging and bolt camps.

The colporter-captain preaches in school-houses, cabins, logging and mining camps, barns and dance halls. On board his boat he carries magazines, papers and other literature printed in seven languages for free distribution. Books are loaned from the library. Preaching

stations have been opened, Sunday schools organized and chapels built as results of the gospel cruiser work. Often the boat is used as a "relief ship." Supplies have been brought to families in need, physicians taken to visit the afflicted, the sick carried to medical help, the attention of officers called to neglected children and even boats in distress have been towed safely to harbor.

The missionary-captain on this frontier of the Far West must be an opportunist. He must know how to keep his eye on the compass on land as well as on the water. Otherwise he will run aground. He must know how to gain the confidence and affections of as independent a race of people as may be found anywhere. It is not a rare thing to find our cruiser missionary at a dance. Sometimes the dance is "sprung" on him at the time and place announced for a gospel meeting. No matter, it is always understood that whenever he attends a dance he shall have a chance to pray and preach. Often the way is opened to conversation concerning personal religion while someone is "sitting out" a dance with the preacher.

A Westerner in his breezy way thus describes one of our cruiser-missionaries:

"He has run a gasoline engine for two years and still remains in the active ministry. He is a general handy man and must find anchorage for 'drifters' in remote settlements as well as for his boat in unknown waters. He must recognize a joke a mile off and look kindly on the crusty. He must be able to converse with the women in the parlor or to pitch hay to the stock while winning the man in the barn. He is called upon to speak to the children in the country school-house, preach a sermon



FROM RIGHT TO LEFT: CAPTAIN G. L. HALL AND  
REV. D. Q. BARRY



when by chance he comes upon a community gathering, tend the baby while the rancher's wife gets dinner, help wash the dishes, or fix the rural telephone line, so that he can telephone to people at a distance, telling of the service that is to be held in the school-house or on the boat. He must be ready to talk to the drunkard, to write home for the lumberjack, to cheer the dying, and to officiate at the funerals of people he never knew."

The following story told to the writer by Rev. W. R. Howell, of Seattle, formerly captain of the *Robert G. Seymour*, is illustrative of several things relative to the work carried on by colporter-missionaries by means of the gospel cruiser.

The captain of the gospel cruiser *Robert G. Seymour* anchored his boat in a deep cove where neither outgoing tide nor high winds might cause a mishap, and went ashore to arrange for a meeting in a nearby school-house. After he had called at several homes he was met by a tall young woodsman who came swinging down the path leading to the doorstep of a primitive log house. The youth had seen the captain before and knew his mission.

"I wouldn't advise you to call at dad's house, sir," said the native. "You see," he hastened to explain, "dad don't have no truck with preachers, and he'd treat you impolite."

Observing that the young fellow was in earnest and altogether well disposed toward him, the missionary spoke in a cordial way and passed on. Nor on subsequent visits did he call on "dad." But a Sunday school was started in the settlement, and whenever the missionary-captain anchored in the cove he held a preaching

service which the son of the man who had no "truck with preachers" invariably attended.

One day word was sent to the captain of the gospel cruiser that a death had occurred in the home of this settler: "Would the captain please come and preach a funeral sermon over the body of his son?" As all the neighbors wanted to attend the service, the messenger said the service would be held in the school-house. Yes, the captain would willingly render what service he could.

The owner of a little sawmill used his team and bob-sleigh to carry the mourners from the home to the school-house, and on a low hand-made sled, covered with evergreens, rested the body of the boy as it was conveyed to the school-house and to the grave. The father, walking beside the casket, drove the one ox hitched to the sled.

It is almost needless to add that after that day there was no one in the community more ready to welcome to his home the captain of the gospel cruiser than this grief-stricken father. He had discovered how necessary sometimes is the comforting Gospel of Christ.

Captain Anderson, our gospel pilot in Coos Bay waters, recently conducted a funeral aboard his sturdy craft. Nine other boats followed the *Life-Line* with flags at half-mast. The impressive scene and the helpfulness of the gospel cruiser at such a time will not soon be forgotten by the country people.

In not a few instances all the religious meetings that have been held in the communities which the *Life-Line* visits are those held in connection with the coming of the boat.

One time Captain Anderson was hailed from the shore by two women, who told him they had been waiting two



hours to ask him to receive aboard a little baby and take it to town to a doctor. This the captain did and sped down the long arm of Coos Bay to Marshfield, where the child was operated upon immediately, with the result that its life was spared. The two women who had sent the S. O. S. to the *Life-Line* were Finns, and when Captain Anderson told them the gospel boat cruised the waters of Coos Bay for the purpose of ministering to the people, they volunteered to arrange for the colporter-missionary to speak in the Finnish settlement, where many knew nothing about God.

## V

### ON THE RAILS WITH THE CHAPEL CARS

When Sam Neil promised his dying mother that the Christ who helped her triumph in life and death would be his Christ, he meant what he said. Returning from a revival service one night the thirteen-year-old lad found the home door barred. Because no one answered when he knocked, he shook the door violently. He heard the voice of his father; it was harsh and unrelenting.

“If you intend to be a revivalist, you will have to go somewhere else; we don’t want you here.”

The boy walked away from the house that night, not knowing where to go, and with nothing in the world except what he had on his back. He was met by his Sunday school teacher, who cared for him. A few days later, he walked fourteen miles to the town of Kilmarnock and began at once to witness for Christ in the factory where he obtained his first position. He was ready to sing or speak at any time of day and was so in earnest about it that he won the hearts of his two Quaker employers. That very first day they invited him home to take dinner with them. When they found out the story of his life, their interest in him was increased, and thereafter gave him every opportunity to tell the gospel story in the factory. As a result, several of the employees were led to Christ.

Later on he traveled to many parts of Scotland, as the “Young Scottish Prophet,” preaching and singing the

gospel to great crowds on the streets and in large halls. It was natural that he should fall in line with the Salvation Army. At one of the big meetings in Glasgow, General Booth heard him and told him that he must go to London to take a course of instruction in the Clapton Training School. It was while there that an event occurred which had a lasting effect upon him.

Night after night Sam Neil would leave the institution and go down into the cellars and up into the attics in the Whitechapel district, where the police told him and his companions that they would not be responsible for their lives. It was in this same territory that Eva Booth won so many victories for her Saviour. In places where the ordinary citizen would never even think of going, these Salvation Army people went and returned.

One night, while seeking to rescue a young girl who had wandered from God and home, Sam Neil and three other young men had an experience that revealed to them to what depths of human depravity man may sink. By way of a winding underground passage they made their way to a stairway which led to the second story of a house where they were confronted with a roomful of London toughs, gambling and drinking. The latter recognized the Salvation Army uniforms, and knew why the young men had invaded their den of vice.

As soon as the rescue workers attempted to persuade the girl to leave the place, they were attacked. All were badly beaten, but succeeded in getting the girl to the street. During the melee Sam Neil received a blow on the head which knocked him senseless and seriously impaired his hearing for life. But the Salvationists later had the joy of seeing the girl restored to the home and

hearts of her parents. In those days the young Scotch evangelist learned to give as well as take a blow, acquainting himself with the technique of muscular Christianity as well as the heart touch of spiritual love.

It was in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in later years, that Sam Neil was commissioned to open a training school for the Salvation Army. He had with him his wife and baby, and seven boys who were in training. At the outset he rented a large hall on Water Street. But opposition to the Salvation Army Movement in Milwaukee became bitter. There were those who prophesied that lives would be lost. One night the street in front of the hall was packed with the most vicious element in the city. After the army service, Sam Neil surveyed the mob and then kissed his wife and baby good-bye, thinking that possibly it was his last moment on earth. With his loved ones at his side, and his cadets following, he walked through the crowd singing in his winsome way:

“Return, O Wanderer, return,  
Seek ye the Father’s face,  
Those new desires which in you burn,  
Were kindled by His grace.”

The throng seemingly was awed by the daring of the little band, and a passage was opened, so that the Salvationists could pass through. The chief of police arrived and arrested Sam Neil as a disturber of the peace.

“When you arrest me, you will find me one of the most willing prisoners you ever laid hands on,” said the leader of the gospel band, “but, when you take me, you will have to arrest one of my fellow-workers, because he will take my place. Arrest him, and his place will be taken; and so on. We will keep you busy.”

A Methodist pastor stepped forward.

"When you arrest Mr. Neil," he told the officer, "I will take his place."

Dr. W. P. Helings, pastor of the First Baptist Church, took a similar stand, and was one of Sam Neil's warm-hearted supporters. The city became stirred as never before. Thousands of people blocked the street night after night as the Salvation Army people held their meetings. And conversions took place by the score. The newspapers carried full accounts of the meetings and the finest pulpits were thrown open to Sam Neil. People rallied to his support. The work of the Salvation Army today is exceedingly strong in that city.

One day the chapel car "Messenger of Peace" enroute from St. Louis to Kansas City, over the Wabash Railroad, was side-tracked for a few hours at Carrollton, Mo., in order to let another train pass by. At once a crowd began to gather. A tall, strapping fellow, unshaven and awkward, wearing a broad-brimmed hat and high-water trousers, stepped up and read the name of the car and then the Scripture text on the outside of the car, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

"Now, what sort of a car do yuh reckon that is?"

"That's a church car," said a bystander, "It's a regular church and parsonage combined. There is a preacher and his wife on board that car; they live on that car all the time and hold meetings on that car. There is a pulpit, organ, and everything needful for church work on board. I read about that car the other day in the St.

Louis papers, and that's the very same car, the 'Messenger of Peace'."

The tall Missourian looked for a moment at the car in genuine astonishment and then cut loose.

"Well, I swan, I've seen a cattle car, a hog car, a coal car, a lumber car, a furniture car, a refrigerator car, a smoking car, a baggage car, a passenger car, and a sleeping car, but I'll be hanged if I ever saw a car like that; if that don't beat the devil!"

Just then a young Scotch preacher popped his head out of the window and amid the hearty and good-natured laughter of the crowd, said: "Yes, gentlemen, that's just exactly what the car was built for, to 'beat the devil,' to bring souls from the power of sin and Satan into the glorious liberty of the sons and daughters of God."

The missionary in charge of the car was none other than Sam Neil whom "Uncle Boston" Smith had recruited from the ranks of the Salvation Army and commissioned as a chapel car worker. Today we know him as Dr. S. G. Neil, Bible and Field Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society with headquarters at Philadelphia.

Dr. Wayland Hoyt, at one time pastor of the First Baptist Church in Minneapolis, was riding one day in a private car with his railroad brother, Mr. Colgate Hoyt. They were traveling through northern Minnesota. All at once Dr. Hoyt turned to his brother and said, "Colgate, have you noticed the large number of towns through which we have been passing today without a sign of a church building in them? In every town, however, there are ample evidences that saloons are on the



job, indicating opportunities for the debauching of the souls and bodies of men, but no opportunity for their salvation. Why couldn't a car be built and in some way fitted out so that that car would contain a combination church and parsonage, so the missionary and his wife could live there, and the car be side-tracked in these small towns and the people be invited in to hear the gospel?"

The thought appealed to the practical railroad man and the result of his thinking led to his calling together a half dozen Baptist laymen in New York City, to whom he presented the thought of his preacher-brother, with the outcome that then and there those half dozen Baptist laymen raised the money to build and equip the first chapel car ever put on railroad tracks. That car was built by the Barney & Smith Car Company in Dayton, Ohio, and was called "The Evangel."

The chapel car is all that its name implies—a regular church and parsonage combined, and is as well equipped as any Pullman, with every convenience for the missionary and his wife. The chapel is furnished with a fine, handsome brass lecturn and Estey organ, and will accommodate a congregation of from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five people. Hymn book racks are in the pews, and there are boxes under a number of the pews for holding supplies of books, tracts and Bibles for distribution. Under the car there are great boxes for coal, ice, wood, etc. Some cars carry their own tents, so that in the summer out-door meetings may be held.

Let us suppose that a missionary in charge of a chapel car decides to visit a certain town. He immediately sends in advance his announcements, containing a photograph of the car, stating that the car will arrive

at a certain time, and that the meetings will begin on a certain night at a certain point. Frequently he is not required to do even this, for the car is its own best advertising agent. As soon as the dispatcher learns that the car goes out on a certain train to a certain point, every ticket agent along that whole line knows the car is coming, and generally a crowd of people will be at every station to see it. When the missionary arrives in the town there is somebody to welcome him. His problem as a rule is, not how to get the people, but what to do with all the people who come. He begins his work at once; meetings every afternoon for the children; meetings every night for the grown-ups. Then he begins his work of house to house visitation, going to every home in that town and surrounding country. As a result of the coming of the chapel car into the remote sections of our frontier, there are scattered through the West hundreds of churches which have been organized and meeting houses built.

The chapel car work was never in greater demand than now and never was productive of larger or more permanent results.

A car like this going into a new town for a religious campaign solves many problems. When an "outside" minister visits a town, the first question is, who will entertain him? Another question, where will he hold his meetings? Or, who is going to play the organ? Is there fuel enough to warm the building? Who will do the janitor work? But on board the chapel car the missionary and his wife meet these problems, for they need not be concerned as to who is going to entertain them. The missionary takes his parsonage along with him and his

wife looks after the work of entertainment, and very likely will play the organ.

He plays the part of janitor, chorister, preacher, the Sunday school superintendent, the financier, real estate dealer and church builder.

One thing that stands out is the effect of this work upon the railroad men themselves. It has performed a signal service for the great drifting population employed by the railroads of the West. Men and boys in all branches of the railroad service, without homes, without social connections, with no ties or with no feeling of community responsibility, have had home brought to them. From the smoky, dusty railroad yards, they may step in and feel the atmosphere of the home and find the most cordial welcome; a place also where they may find up-to-date newspapers, magazines and books to read during their leisure time. And every car has its phonograph so that men at the noon hour are invited in to listen to a musical program. Evangelist Sam Neil and his wife found a host of men who could not come to the car at night because they were on night shifts and a midnight service was held. Just as soon as the men got through their midnight lunch they came in at half-past twelve and listened to a gospel message and sang gospel songs, and time and time again men who never had been inside of a church for years responded to the gospel appeal.

One hot day in July a car was attached to an express train for a long journey. All day long, services were held every two hours, to which the passengers were invited. Many came because they liked the singing; others because they wanted a change; some because they loved the gospel. One man attended every service. No appeal

seemd to move him. He was interested—that was all. At the last meeting of the day he was first to respond to the invitation to take Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

“I don’t know who you are or who sent you,” he said to the missionary, “but I have a little girl who will always believe that God sent you. Since she was big enough to say her ‘Now I lay me’ she has added ‘Oh Jesus, please bless my papa and make him love you.’ She is now eleven years old. I shall wire at the next stop that Jesus has heard her prayer.”

Rev. and Mrs. Neil were in Kansas City with the chapel car “Messenger of Peace” when the Moody campaign was opened. In that campaign Mr. Moody was taken sick. At the close of the last meeting of the great evangelist, the committee came to Rev. Sam Neil and insisted that he become the preacher. Then, while Mr. Neil was continuing the meetings Mrs. Neil, in the chapel car, “Messenger of Peace,” was taking D. L. Moody from Kansas City to St. Louis on his last trip to Northfield, where he died a few days later. What a rededication and what a service for one of our churches on wheels!

The chapel cars, their present location and the complete roster of the chapel car missionary enterprise carried on co-operatively by the Publication and Home Mission Societies are as follows:

1. Evangel: Rev. and Mrs. B. H. Ward, operating effectively in Nebraska.
2. Emmanuel: Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Blinzinger, Colorado. They have recently secured a lot, organized a church, and are about to put up a new church building in Boone, Colorado.
3. Glad Tidings: Rev. and Mrs. Frank I. Blanchard.

They are putting up a new meeting house at Kansas City, Missouri.

4. Good-Will: Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Driver, Oregon. They have made an unusually fine record of efficient and permanent service.

5. Messenger of Peace: Rev. and Mrs. Robert Gray. They have just taken up their work in Idaho, and we look for big things from them.

6. Herald of Hope: Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Newton. They have been located at the Government plant at Vitro, West Virginia. They are still there at the very urgent request of the State Convention and the people of the community, as well as the corporation officials.

7. Grace: Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Hermiston, Northern California. Mr. Hermiston has been in the work for about sixteen years and has been unusually successful as an evangelist and church builder.

## VI

### SUNRISE FOR THE MONO

“When I was a boy in Canada a missionary to the Indians came. After I heard his words, the words of God, it touched my heart. I said, ‘I give up the old life. I give my heart to Jesus.’ Then I quit the old life, drunken ways and Indian religion. Then Jesus put something in my heart, and I feel good. Then I pray to Jesus. My heart now strong, and I feel I want to tell my people. Then I preach awhile in white man’s church.

“My people all die, father, mother, brother, sister. I feel bad. I want to go somewhere to find something to help me, or where I could preach to Indians. I come to the States in 1912. I had no money. I had no one to help. I am a wood carver. In Seattle I work at my trade; sell some things to help me live. Then I come to Portland; then San Francisco. I still work at trade. Sometimes I go to missions and preach in missions. Then last winter, I go to Long Beach. I work at my trade. One night I go to Union Mission and I preach.

“Then one woman she come to me and say, ‘Alfred, we want you to go to teach band of Indians near Yosemite Valley. They low-down in sin and nobody teach them. They don’t know about God, and you must go to them and teach God’s word.’

“And I say, ‘Well, I don’t know. I pray about it.’

“I pray two weeks. Then this woman come with an-



other woman and say, 'Well, Alfred, what do you decide to do?'

"I say, 'I have talked to God, and He has told me to go. I don't know where that place is. I don't know how to get there. I have no money.'

"Then woman say, 'We will give you fifteen dollars and you buy ticket to Madera. Then you get little train out to Raymond. Then you have to walk maybe thirty-five or forty miles to get to Indians. You better buy some things to take with you; no store up there,'

"Then I buy some socks and towels, and get my ticket and start. I get to Raymond late in night. I was a stranger. Did not know where to go. I stand out on street and pray. I ask some man where Indians live.

"He say, 'They live a long way off; snow on ground; too cold; cannot go there tonight. You better go to hotel.'

"I no got much money now—one dollar and a half. I go in hotel and ask she let me sit there all night.

"She say, 'I no can let you sit there all night, but I let you have room for six bits.'

"Next morning I get up and go out on street and stand there. By this time I feel pretty hungry and don't know what to do. Then I guess I have to get something to eat. After I eat breakfast I begin to think, 'How am I going to find Indians?'

"Then I tell man, 'I am a Christian. I am a missionary to Indians. Is there any Christian mans about here?'

"One fellow show me a man over there and say, 'He is a Christian man.'

"Then I go there and say, 'I am a Christian. They

tell me you a Christian man. I want to go way out here to Nippinnawassee where Indians live to teach them to be Christians. I got no money. Do you know of any one going out that way?’

“He tell me that about one week ago Indians were here, but now go back to mountains. Then he say to me, ‘That man, the constable, he go out there; maybe so he go today.’

“Then he go ask this constable if he is going up there.

“He say, ‘Yes, I go today.’

“Then this Christian man tell constable that I am Christian, going to teach Indians and ask him take me on his machine.

“Way up in the day we start; get to Nippinnawassee late in evening. I ask the store man where Indians live around here. Store man say, ‘About three miles one Indian house; then another further on.’

“Then I tell him I guess I go hunt Indians.

“I say to constable, ‘Good-bye, and thank you for bringing me.’

“The constable say, ‘If anybody bother you, you let me know.’

“That make me feel good in my heart.

“I have my little grip, song book, Bible, two pair socks, towels and one half a quilt. I take that rolled up in my hand. I start on snow on ground. I walk about two miles. I see little Indian house. Then I stop and set my grip down and lay my quilt on trail and go out under brush. Ground all over snow. I get down on my knees and pray to God to help me.

“I say, ‘Lord, you want me to come teach Indians, I am here. I not know what Indians do or say when I go



MISS PAULINE G. VEGH, OF THE PUBLICATION SOCIETY, IS DOING MUCH FOR OUR  
YOUNGER NEW AMERICANS



to house. Lord, go before and open way, so they take me in when I go.'

"Then I feel good in my heart. I pretty cold and hungry and tired.

"I get my grip and quilt. I walk on trail pretty near house. Then I don't know what to do, so I pray some more.

"Then Jesus say 'Go on!'

"Then I go on to house. Two women see me coming and come out. I say, 'Sisters, I am a Christian. I am an Indian all same as you. I have come to teach you and help you to become Christian. Shall I go into house?'

" 'Yes, go in.'

"So I go in; I am cold, I go close to stove. It feel good close to fire. Then I tell these women all I come to do. They tell me pretty soon two men come.

" 'They go to get whiskey,' they say. 'Maybe come drunk. What you do when they come drunk?'

"I say, 'I don't know. Pray, I guess.'

"They look out pretty soon. Yes, there come two men on wagon, drunk.

" 'Maybe these men not like your being here,' women say.

"Then I pray hard in my heart to God. The men come up close and holler. These women say to men, 'Be careful. Somebody here.'

"Men say, 'Who is there?'

"Then I get up and go to them. I tell who I am and what I come to do. I am their brother. One man, his name Jim Rowan, this is his house where I come.

"I say, 'Brother Jim Rowan, will you let me stay in your house?'

"He say, 'We no got anything much, but I do best I can for you. You can stay.'

"Old man, ninety-five years, come in singing big Indian song. Then I know he drunk.

"Then I say to him, 'I come to show you good way. You get salvation in your heart, you no want drink any more.'

"Then I say, 'Mrs. Jim Rowan, I pretty hungry, can you give me something to eat?'

"She say, 'We no got much, but we give you what we got.'

"Then she set me down a dish with some watergrass cooked, called Indian cabbage, and when I smell it, I say, 'Lord help me!' I no eat this before. But I know Indian way. If I no eat this, it make them mad. So I have to eat some anyhow. I take one taste in my mouth. It so bitter I want to spit it out. I know I can't do that, and I try to swallow. It make my throat strong. Then I have to eat another bite. I don't think I can get that down, but I try hard. Then Indians they all look at me. I think, 'Well, I will have to try another bite.' I swallow third bite. It nearly tear my throat.

"Then I say, 'Mrs. Jim Rowan, I have seen you are good in what you give me, but I can't eat any more of this. I don't want to make you mad. My heart is all right. I am an Indian.'

"Then I eat four crackers and a cup of coffee; all I had to eat that night.

"Pretty soon I tell Jim Rowan I want to pray in his house. He say, 'All right, but I don't know anything about praying.'



“Then I read some and tell them about God, and I pray best I can.

“On Sunday, I say, ‘Jim Rowan, you take me down to school-house Woman say I can preach there.’

“Jim say, ‘All right.’

“He pretty full Sunday morning but he take me. I preach Jesus. Then I begin to sing, ‘Hide me, oh, My Saviour, hide me,’ and it break Jim’s heart, and he begin crying. He cry hard. I got down by his side and pray for him and he say, ‘I sorry for my sins,’ and Jim Rowan was converted there.

“We go back to his home about four miles. He tells his wife he going to quit drinking whiskey, that he now feeling good in his heart, and she say, ‘I am glad to hear that.’

“She got one arm. She show me where arm cut off and she say, ‘Whiskey done this. We was all at the Wawona, and got drunk. I was drunk. Run over edge of bluffs. Wagon turn over and break my arm. You see what whiskey done for me. I don’t want any more of it. I am glad Jim Rowan going to quit.’ ”

“On Monday morning, I say, ‘Jim Rowan, you take me round. I want to find all the Indians in this country.’

“So we go about, finding Indian homes. Tell them to come to Jim Rowan’s next Sunday, we going to have meeting. Lots Indians come next Sunday. We have good meeting, and in the night, Sunday night, I tell them all that want to be Christians to get down on their knees and confess God, and all Indians get down. I pray and they pray. I only hear one word in Indian and that word is, ‘Jesus, come in my heart, and take sin all out.’ And then I say, ‘Amen, that is the way to talk to Jesus.’

"We was in prayer hour and a half, on our knees all time, and then Mrs. Jim Rowan say, 'I feel it in my heart now,' and two little girls and all these people they give their heart to Jesus.

"Old man about ninety-five years, he say, 'Well, what must I do now? I drink all time, I smoke all time, I play gamble all time, and now I believe this, and what must I do?'

"I say, 'You have to give up that drink, quit them cards, and throw away that tobacco, and let Jesus come in and clean up your heart. Then you will be all right.'

"He say, 'Pretty hard, maybe so I do it.'

"One woman, she cigarette fiend. Her jaws all sunk in where she suck in smoke all time, and she say, 'Now, what can I do?' I tell her she must give up everything for Jesus and let Jesus come into her heart.

"We still on our knees when I smell something burning and I look around and there was this old woman piling package cigarettes in the fire, old man ninety-five years, he putting his tobacco in the fire, and some of them throwing their deck cards in the fire. It make big fire. Smell bad enough, but I tell them that is what they have to do if they are going to be Christians.

"Then we get up and I sing and they all feel good.

"The next morning before they all go back to their homes, they say, 'We like to have this again.'

"So, Monday morning come, I pray and teach them God's word, and we have a good time. Then they all go home and say, 'We come back next Sunday.'

"I feel pretty lonesome when I first get there. But now, quick I feel that God led me and my heart so

happy. I say, 'Lord, you just help me now, and I stay right here and show these Indians the way.'

"Next Sunday all come back. I wish you could see that old woman cigarette fiend's face. Her jaws not sunk in like they was. They fill out. Her eyes not looking sleepy and dull like they did. She say, 'When I go home, I hunt up all my packs cigarettes and I burn them. I been a Christian one week now, no smoke cigarettes.' This old man, ninety-five years, say, 'I do not drink all week. Some boys try hard to get me to drink. I tell them, 'No, I Christian. I believe God. Jesus is come into my heart and I not going to drink any more.' And that make me feel good to know that God will help me to save these Indians who so long have lived up there in darkness and sin, so low-down in sin that they lost their tribal name. Nobody have anything to do with them.

"Then when spring come, Indians go over to Fish Camp to work in timber, and I go too. I go to that store man and tell him I want to have meeting over there. He say, 'All right, go take dance hall, you can have meeting in dance hall.'

"Every Sunday I have meeting. Indians and some white folks come. Pretty soon campers all come in. They want dance hall. The store man tell me I can have services in camp there anywhere I want it. All this time, I Christian worker, all by myself. Then next Sunday I tell Indians to come into camp pretty close to my tent and we all go there.

"I begin to sing some Christian songs, and before I begin to sing white folks say, 'What these Indians going to do today?'

“Some of them say, ‘They going to have drunken pow-wow. You folks have to scatter out from here a bit.’

“But when I begin to sing, one Christian woman from the East, she say, ‘I not fear that kind Indian powwow. I know those songs. They Christian people.’ And she come up to us, big, fine-dressed woman. She sit right down on the ground, all same as Indians, while we sing and preach. I get through preaching and she come up to me and tell me she from the East. She never hear anything like this from an Indian preacher before. She ask me how I live. I tell her that I cut wood here, and my wife works in hotel. That is the way we make our living.

“She say, ‘Well, I give you some money.’

“That night we gather again for meeting. This woman come up after a bit. The people come by, going to the dance. I know where they are going, and I just turn my face around toward the road where they are passing and I begin to sing just as loud as I can, ‘What a friend we have in Jesus,’ right to them white people as they pass the road, and they all stop and come up to our camp and sit down on the ground all same as Indians and wait until the meeting is over.

“One man, he was in crowd going to dance, he come up to me and say, ‘Well, don’t you take up a collection?’

“I say, ‘No, I let people do what they want to. That all right.’

“He say, ‘I one time Christian back in my home, but I get out here and drift away. This makes me think when I used to be back home in church,’ and he pour his money down on the table, and there was \$4.00.

“I say to my wife, ‘We got price of sack of flour; now we have some.’

“All this time I was hunting some one to help me, and pray God for some one to come in and help us. Jim Rowan, he tell me he was at Clovis about one year ago and he saw man there teaching Indians, about the same way I teach them. He seemed to be a pretty big man among the Indians. Then I commence praying in my heart that I might find this man, and then I send word by somebody if they heard of that man anywhere to tell him. All time I was praying for somebody to come there, and some days I was feeling pretty good. I think I going to hear something from God. And one day I see an automobile come into camp and then it go on, and then I go up in the big trees to get some wood for carv-ing, and while I was gone machine come again.

“When I come back one white woman say, ‘Alfred, there is a man here hunting for you. I think maybe so he is Indian preacher.’

“Then I say, ‘I go to my tent and pray.’

“Pretty soon I see machine coming in again, and then I see man get out, and I step outside my tent and stand there. He look good. Then I just stand there and pray in my heart. The man say to me, ‘I am Mr. Brendel, the Indian missionary. I hear of you, and I have come to see you and your people.’

“My heart so glad. Now I feel like somebody is going to help us out in this work. I listen to what this man say more to me.

“The man say, ‘Well, I come to see you, and if you folks like to go down to Clovis I get you work in the fruit. You can see our work there. What we do is

Christian work, and after you see what we do and how we teach, if you decide you want to be in our church, we take you in.'

"And then we all come to Clovis to work in fruit. Mr. Brendel he gets us work. We come to big meeting every Sunday. and then I feel like that is the place for me, and I study over it. I pray about it and one night after we go back to camp, my wife and I say, 'We are going to join in this church, and be baptized like Jesus,' and now I have joined in this church, and I have been baptized and I know I am in right way.

"Indian Chief of Nippinnawassee he had big Indian house. We call it round house. They used to be old Indians that have big time in round house in the old Indian way. This house have no windows; also no floor. Just build it on the ground. They have table and dishes when they have big time in the Indian way. Old chief here said, 'I used this house in the old dark way. Now I am in Jesus' road. We will use this old house for Jesus, now, and everything which is in the house, tables, dishes, I turn this to Jesus. We will use it in Jesus' road,' said the old chief.

"This is the only Indian big house that we know and the only one in California among the Indians. We use this old house every Sunday for our service, three times on Sunday. We have not lights. Only way we do when we have a meeting, we build big fire in the center of the old house to give us light. It get warm because it was so dark we could not see anything without a big fire. Every Sunday white men and white ladies they are coming to our service in the old Indian house.

"I am so happy now. All Indians up there in Nippinna-



wassee feeling good. We pray all the time to get a house and a good work this winter. Won't somebody help us get this start? That is what I got to say to you.'"

Neas-je-gar-gath (Alfred Lord) has spoken. Time and again the writer went over the above narrative with the view of getting from it the material for a story of the ministry of this remarkable Indian and of his memorable meeting with Mr. Brendel, the apostle to the Mono of the California Mountains. But the narrative as it came from the lips of Neas-je-gar-gath would admit of no change. The majesty of this Indian preacher and of his work, the simplicity of his heart, his yearning to carry the story of his Saviour's love to the Indians, his devotion to his Lord, his love for Brendel, the man who has rescued the Mono from an existence worse than death—all are revealed in this document which some far-sighted representative of our denomination acquired stenographically while Neas-je-gar-gath was speaking and made it available for all time as one of the sources for a history of Baptist achievement almost without parallel. It became available for the present purpose through Dr. A. W. Rider of Los Angeles.

How happy the privilege to record that the chapel at Nippinnawassee was completed in time for the Christmas exercises last year! Neas-je-gar-gath's prayer that it might be a 'good winter' was answered. The chapel is called the S. B. Williams Memorial, and it was built just in time to defeat a medicine man from drawing all the Indians to a big powwow.

The story of the Mono is still to be written. Isabel Crawford, won't you please write for us, in your own inimitable way, the story of Brendel of the Sierras? You

will tell us not only of the man who bears the commission of the Home Mission Society and of the Northern California Baptist State Convention, but you will be able to give us intimate accounts of the young women sent forth by the Woman's Home Mission Society to work among the Mono, some of whom are now to be numbered among the women of the ages who have not hesitated to hazard all for their Lord's anointing. And Bruce Kinney, have you described all the treasures disclosed in the Land of the Crow by Petzoldt of Lodge Grass?

There have been, and are, great characters among the Indians of the Southwest, as well as Northwest, where our missionaries have been working for many years. Lone Wolf and Gotobo of Oklahoma and Lucius Aitsan, Miss Isabel Crawford's interpreter, a stalwart among the Kiowas, will never be forgotten. Equally notable was Mokeen, Lucius' father, and Amos, Lucius' son. There are many others.

One day Mokeen told the story of his life to Miss May Huston, formerly a missionary among the Crow Indians, as the two sat in the neat little chapel where Lucius served as pastor to the Saddle Mountain Kiowa Indian Baptist Church. With Miss Huston's permission the story is retold here as it was interpreted to her:

"I was a Mexican captive taken by the Kiowas when I was eight years old. I was brought up by Big Foot, a man wise and kind and good.

"Big Foot told me to worship in the Kiowa way. The Kiowas have ten idols about a foot long, kept in

bags called medicine bags. These idols are distributed among the chief men who pray to them in the belief that they in turn pray to the sun. This is the Sun Dance worship and none of the other Indian worships come up to it.

“Before Big Foot died, he gave me the idol and told me if I followed this religion my son would grow up a useful man. For seventeen summers I danced, each time four days and four nights without food or drink. I fasted in the mountains each time four days and four nights, thinking I might live to be an old man. The place is near Cut Throat Gap where the Kiowas were defeated by the Osages. I hurt myself. Great spots of my flesh I cut out of my chest. You can see the marks of gashes on my face. I thought this religious worship and believed in it with my whole heart. My heart was strong in the way I worshiped. I believed so strong I wouldn’t listen when preaching was going on. I found no peace in my heart. I had to give up the idol. The death of Amos, my grandson, brought a great message. The Lord set a trap for me and caught me. I left the road behind, was baptized, became a church member, and since that time, have never missed a service. If God is willing to save me, I will meet my grandson again.

“Lucius Aitsan’s father will never turn back but will always go on the way.” Pointing to Miss Huston and to the young man interpreting, he continued. “We don’t know how long we will live. I am older than you. It may be I go first, it may be you go first, but I hope and pray we will meet in heaven if we never

meet on earth, and we will remember what we have talked about this day."

Miss Isabel Crawford, in a touching account of Amos' death, describes Mokeen's conversion. She tells us that Amos turned his eyes toward Mokeen and said: "My grandfather! You know I love you—and you love me. My time—has come to leave—the earth. Will—you—promise to—meet me—in the Beautiful Home?" Sobbing, Mokeen answered: "My grandson, I know that you love me and you know that I love you. I have held my heart back from Jesus too long—I hold it back no more; I give myself to Him now. I will meet you in the Beautiful Home!"

## THE CITY





## I

### JUST AROUND THE CORNER

A friend called me to his office not long ago. Here is the story he told:

“The other day a daughter of mine stepped around the corner to take a pair of shoes to the neighborhood cobbler. She returned greatly exercised.

“‘Do you know about our cobbler?’ she asked. ‘He has been pegging away at his bench for the past four or five years all alone without hearing a word from his wife and children in Poland. He knows that the armies have over-run his village. And he’s been working for everybody around here with not a word of sympathy from anybody.’

“We were interested at once and begged our excited girl to tell us all that she had learned about the mender of shoes whose shop was just around the corner.

“‘He’s a Polish Jew,’ she went on. ‘Just before the war he was preparing to go to Europe. He had enough savings in the bank to provide for his family over there but the war stopped him. He could not get his passports. So he’s had to content himself with his heart-breaks, waiting, waiting, and fearing that the news from across the sea will be bad news.’

“We readily caught the picture and were stirred by it to search our hearts for plausible excuses why we had not known of this case before.

“‘And father, can you guess what he has been

doing?’ continued the girl who had just been around the corner. ‘He’s making a pair of shoes out of the finest kid to have ready for his wife when he can go to her. He showed them to me and he looked so proud and yet so very lonely! What can we do for him?’

“‘We’ll have him in to dinner,’ I said. ‘We’ll take him for a ride in the car. Then to a fine entertainment. Aren’t there a lot of things we can do?’

“Well, next morning I stepped around the corner to see our cobbler. I met him at the door. He was on the point of leaving to see the consul who had arranged for his passports. He was about to leave this country for his homeland.

“‘Yes, I shall search for them,’ he assured me. ‘Thank you. Goodbye, sir.’

“And in this way our neighbor left us. From our library window and open fireplace we can see his little shop not three hundred yards from the rear of our house. There, just around the corner, had been one of God’s children yearning for sympathy and love.

“Now, I have a friend, one of our good pastors in New England, who went around his corner not long ago to speak to a young Italian who worked in a tailoring establishment. Victor had not been long in this country and could speak very little English. My friend offered to teach him how to read and write English. It was not long before several of Victor’s friends were in this minister’s class in English.”

Let Victor, in his enthusiastic way, tell you the rest of the story:

“For four years I studied the language of America,



IN HELPFUL CONSULTATION WITH MRS. HELEN ADAMS MOORE OF MORGAN COMMUNITY  
HOUSE, PITTSBURGH, PA.



and through the life and personality of my teacher I found Christ. Today I am profoundly thankful unto God for what the church did for a foreigner, for it has pleased Him to reveal His Son to me.

"I am now a member of the Baptist church and take part in most of its activities. I teach a Sunday school class of boys. Before I went into the American army, in which I served nine months, and from which I received an honorable discharge, I was president of the Christian Endeavor Society. I have had the joy of bringing into the church my own brother and three other Italian young men.

"I am soon to enter school and prepare for the Christian ministry and hope to work among my own people. I am endeavoring to be the right kind of an American citizen."

True living consists in lifting burdens just like that. We heard from Victor the other day. He is making splendid progress in his classes in one of our Eastern institutions. We saw an examination paper written by him. It was marked B-plus, which is a surprisingly high mark when it is remembered that Victor could not even speak our language a few months ago.

This friend of my friend had stepped around his corner. There he had met one of the millions of wayfarers needing help. When he let Victor into a corner of his heart, Victor filled it and made his own contribution to the rounding out of this man's life.

Miss Sara Curry, a nineteen-year-old New York girl, a devoted Christian and mission worker, stepped into a lower East Side home one afternoon and found a

baby staked to the bed post so that he could not reach the cook stove. The only other person in the room was a seven-year-old girl who had been instructed by her mother to give a bottle of milk to the baby when he cried. Before twelve o'clock, noon, the nursing bottle had been emptied. Consequently the baby was crying when Miss Curry entered the home.

That a day nursery was greatly needed in the neighborhood of the Bowery, Miss Curry had no doubt from that moment. That night, on her knees, she laid the matter before God. She had the conviction that she must open a nursery. But she reminded her Lord that she had but fourteen dollars. His answer to this objection, she declares, was a command to go to work.

She rented two small rooms and took care of sixteen babies the first day. Soon she was known on the lower East Side as the "Little Missionary." She is there today performing a service that is a source of amazement to all who are familiar with it. It would pay you to visit the Little Missionary's Day Nursery, St. Mark's Place, Manhattan Island. This is an independent institution.

A "movie" for the children on the streets of the lower West Side was in progress in Judson Memorial Church when the pastor, Rev. Ray Petty, was told that two little Italian boys were outside crying bitterly and asking for him. The minister was not long discovering that a tragedy had occurred in the neighborhood. He accompanied the boys to a dingy tenement where he found a mother moaning in despair while about her skirts clung five children under eight years



of age. The room was filled with sympathetic people. In a nearby drug store the husband of the weeping woman had been sold a quantity of oxolic acid instead of the epsom salts for which he had asked, and as a result his dead body lay in a morgue.

What might have happened:

A possible handling of the case enabling the drug company to escape the consequence of the alleged negligence in the dispensing of drugs whereby the mother left with nine dependent children would have been given a few hundred dollars for funeral expenses.

What did happen:

A pastor, with a community consciousness, hustled a good portion of the night, and toward morning brought the bereaved woman the first definite news she had had concerning her husband. Up to that time she had only the policeman's report that her husband was dead. The next morning he went to the mortuary, discovered that the autopsy was in progress and asked that in the findings mention be made that a small portion of the oxolic acid was still in the dead victim's clothes when the body was taken to the morgue. He then went to see an eminent Christian physician who guided him in all of his contacts with the Board of Health and Department of Drugs to the end that he was sent to the Homicide Department where he was asked to give his testimony. He afterwards went to all departments and asked the various officials to pay particular attention to this case when it came across their desks.

The missionary pastor's next move was to call up an undertaker, a Christian, and working at the profession, who was willing to conduct a funeral at cost. Then

another telephone conversation resulted in his obtaining the consent of a prominent scenario writer, whom he had married to the man of her choice two weeks previously, to furnish the money to pay the undertaker.

One of the finest lawyers in New York was secured to handle the widow's case free of charge.

The pastor instructed the widow to answer no questions until her counsel advised her in the matter. When she promised to follow this instruction, she paid Mr. Petty what he considers the best compliment that has drifted his way in a long time. This little Italian woman, with her nine children in their two-room apartment, told the pastor of Judson Memorial that she considered him a member of her family.

When Mr. Petty called the next day he was told by the widow that a big, fine looking man had been up to see her, had asked her many questions and, when he left, gave her money for immediate family needs.

"He said that his name was Mr. ———," she said.

"Your description of the man and the name fit the Chief Magistrate of New York," said Mr. Petty.

Now the able lawyer referred to above and a man holding high public office in New York City, are in consultation on this case, and they are handling it as it should be handled, fairly, on the basis of equity, and no one will have a hand in any damages that may be secured except the widow and her nine dependent children.

Thus at Judson Memorial, as at the many other Christian centers maintained by our two Home Mission Societies and by state and city missionary agencies

throughout the land, there is kept beating a heart of brotherhood in a broken-hearted community.

In a little town in Georgia, Cheno, a colored boy was arrested for shooting craps. On his way to the jail in company with the officer, he met a man, a local merchant, who owned a small cotton plantation, and for whom Cheno had worked. The land owner went before the magistrate and gave bail for the lad, to the amount of one hundred dollars.

Cheno, the colored boy, went to work for the man who had furnished bail. But as the weeks passed he discovered that he was in a somewhat different position than formerly. His full wages, amounting to twenty-five dollars a month were paid to him week by week during the first month. Then as time went on, the money due him was not paid as regularly. He was given two or three dollars, or less, each week, just as his employer saw fit. Naturally, as the months passed, Cheno became despondent. At first he could not understand why his employer had assumed a different attitude toward him. His mother and his brothers had migrated north several months before. He was practically alone, without friends and without a sympathetic adviser. Gradually the truth was brought home to him that he was practically a slave. If he continued to work for his present employer what would it profit him? If he deserted his employer, he knew what would happen. At once he would be arrested for jumping bail. But why was his case being postponed?

Cheno felt that he knew why his case did not come to trial. One night he jumped a train for Atlanta, Ga.,

and bought a ticket to Pittsburgh, Pa., where his mother and his brothers resided. The money which he paid for his ticket had been sent to him by his mother. He was not long in Pittsburgh before he secured a position, with good wages, in a shop where automobile parts were made.

One night an officer of the law got Cheno out of bed and put him in the county jail. A warrant for his arrest had been sent from Georgia; the charge: jumping bail. He remained in jail nearly a month. A volunteer rescue worker was in court when his case came up. Mr. Hunter Johnson, the probation officer for the Morgan Community House, a Baptist Home Mission enterprise, was gratified when Cheno's case was turned over to him. Cheno had missed two pay days but he was soon back at work, making his contribution to the family fund. Still better, he now is in constant attendance at the Community House where he is taking a course in automobile mechanics.

There are thousands of colored boys and young men coming up from the South. Some of them have strange ideas as to what the North can do for them, but institutions like the Morgan Community House, standing like sentinels along the pathway of these migrant laborers, are helping to solve the problem of their assimilation in industrial communities to which they come.

The above story was based on information furnished the writer by a colored boy known at the Morgan Community House as Cheno. Later the writer had access to a document bearing the caption: "Morgan Community House Report, Morals Court," and dated April

15, 1920. It may interest the reader to know what was found therein. The report follows:

“Case C: Boy—Age 16. From M——, Ga.

“Arrived in Pittsburgh, March 2nd.

“Charge: Jumping bail, \$100, in Georgia.

“Facts: Arrested in Georgia in 1918 for shooting craps and bailed out by subsequent employer who refused to let the case come to trial, making the boy work out the bail. After working for two years at a supposed wage of \$25.00 per month and finding bail not being reduced, he ran away. Was followed by the law and held here in jail for three weeks.

“Disposition: Turned over to the Morgan Community House for protection and guidance.

“Home conditions: At the time of release the entire family was living in three rooms, nine in family. Kitchen being used as bedroom. Family works well. Three children in school. Family moved on the 24th to another section of the city but supervision (of Cheno) will be maintained.”

Cheno found a true friend when he met Mrs. Helen Adams Moore, the matron of the Morgan Community House. And there are many others who are ready to vote for her. She is intensely yet sanely practical in her work. She advised Cheno to enter the class in automobile mechanics just as she might advise Jane or Rebecca to enter the sewing or cooking class.

There are some happy families in Pittsburgh as well as in other places as the result of the work carried on with Morgan House as a base.

Mrs. Moore and her workers do not confine their activities within the four walls of the big building on

the hill. The home is bounded on the east by a large Jewish community, on the south by a Negro and mixed population, on the west by a cosmopolitan section—Italians, Negroes, Jews, Syrians and Greeks. There are some notorious tenements in the near vicinity. On the north are the railroad tracks.

This devoted missionary employed by the Woman's Home Mission Society continually is making the rounds of her district on her errands of mercy. One day in an attic she found a young woman approaching motherhood whose husband was very ill with pneumonia. For a little bedroom and a kitchen the couple were paying eight dollars a week. They had no food. Mrs. Moore secured ten dollars for them from the Associated Charities and personally invested the money in food and then taught the girl how to cook it. The food lasted two weeks. Perhaps you would like to know what she bought.

"I put them on a budget," explained Mrs. Moore, and from a neat filing case she took a card and read to me the following items:

4 lbs. rice at 16c.....	\$ .64
Flour .....	2.00
6 lbs. meal at 7c.....	.42
2 lbs. lard at 35c.....	.60
(The man was liberal)	
1 lb. salt pork.....	.30
6 lbs. ham at 25c.....	1.50
(Wonder how she did it)	
2 lbs. butterine at 35c.....	.70
7 cans milk at 10c.....	.70
2 cans syrup at 18c.....	.36



1 sack of salt.....	.06
Pepper .....	.05
Baking powder .....	.20
Tea .....	.30
Dozen of eggs.....	.80
Cabbage .....	.36
Potatoes .....	.80
Yeast .....	.03

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\$9.82

Cash on hand..... .18

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\$10.00

The husband recovered and returned to work. His young wife, who had not known how to buy or cook food economically before she met Mrs. Moore, developed rapidly under Mrs. Moore's tutelage. She even adopted a budget system of her own "with a combination that beat mine," said Mrs. Moore, and is now marketing and accomplishing amazing results with the family income.

## II

### “THERE’S J. B.!”—A STAR CHAPTER OF THE WORLD WIDE GUILD IN ACTION

Every Sunday morning at 9:30 o’clock from seven hundred to one thousand young women pack the auditorium of the Rialto Theatre, Washington, D. C. They are the “Worth While Girls” of Class No. 24 of the Calvary Baptist Sunday school. There is no room for them in the church building. The group is known locally, as well as nationally, as the Burrall Class.

Drop in some Sunday morning and you will want to go again. Yes, if you are a man you may attend and you will be admitted again, too, and just as long “as your ankle bones are too weak to carry you to some men’s class where you can be of some use,” you will not be turned away from this class—*if you are a man*. I know what I am talking about because I heard Miss Jessie Burrall, the teacher and organizer of this class, say those very words the Sunday morning I attended.

Now when Miss Burrall was quite a young girl she heard her father and mother discuss the need of a Baptist church in Little Falls, Minnesota, her birthplace.

“I believe with the help of the Home Mission Society we could build a church,” said the father. The mother, who was a descendant of five generations of New England Baptist preachers, thought so too.

The Home Mission Society furnished the needed assistance and the church was built. Jessie Burrall was thir-

teen years of age when she taught her first Sunday school class in the building. What bearing those five generations of New England Baptist preachers had upon this early achievement is a question left open. When this girl, in later years, became a member of the faculty of the State Normal school at St. Cloud, Minnesota, she organized a class of one hundred girls. When she went to Washington, D. C., to become chief of the School of Service of the National Geographic Society, she saw swarms of girls employed in war work during week days and spending their time somewhat aimlessly on Sundays, and it was not long before she had over a thousand of them enrolled in a Sunday school class organized in twelve groups and every group a chapter in the World Wide Guild. Doing the big or little task "just around the corner" for the other girl is an active principle in the life of this real American.

What brings this great number of young people together every Sunday morning? What holds them together? What force has made it possible for this class to acquire 750 new members in four months—a net gain of 350 members—while during that same period of time the class lost 400 members by reason of the fact that 400 girls left Washington, D. C., for their homes in various parts of the Union? Is it because of the way the lesson is presented? Is it because of the personality of the teacher? The efficient staff of officers? The splendid group organizations? The large number of consecrated tithers? The spiritual atmosphere that pervades every class meeting? The twelve World Wide Guild mission study classes? The bi-monthly group prayer meetings? The desire to serve others? Yes, we are naming

some of the outstanding reasons why the Burrall class, the largest World Wide Guild in the world, is making history.

Miss Burrall is assisted by some capable class officers. They are: Assistant-to-the-Teacher, Mabel Strider; President, Mrs. P. J. Altizer; Vice-President, Sue Weeks; Secretaries, Ruth Bogart and Edna Boyce; Treasurer, Edith Davis; Choral Director, Mrs. Geo. H. Price. There are twelve group captains.

The names of the various groups appear on standards set up in different parts of the theatre as guides for seating the hundreds of girls who come. The names suggest a zoo and the class is often referred to as the "Calvary Zoo." The twelve class groups or chapters of the World Wide Guild that are largely responsible for the fine spirit of co-operation that exists between the twenty-one chapters in the capital city have been named in this jolly fashion: Church Mice, Burrall Squirrels, Daring Deer, Mud Turtles, Lively Lions, Terrific Tigers, Squirmy Squirrels, Happy Hippos, Gritty Gophers, Burrall Bunnies, Calvary Camels, Busy Beavers.

Everything is done in a happy spirit. The class, from the teacher to the mascot, seems to be shot through and through with a courageous optimism and desire to serve. It is a class noted for the large percentage of tithers in its membership and the amiable spirit in which recruits for Christian stewardship are secured is shown in a song given at a recent "Double Deck Dinner," by a group of sailor lassies. You can sing it, I was assured, to the tune of "Are You From Dixie?"

"Are you a tither, a happy tither?

Do you turn one-tenth back unto the Lord?

Well, you should be one, your duty is not done,

Until you share your income with Him.

For blessings without number He will shower on you,

Pressed down, running over, is His promise unto you.

Are you a tither?

A happy tither?

Come be a tither too!"

What does the Burrall class do besides packing the auditorium of the Rialto Theatre every Sunday morning to hear Miss Burrall's very original and heart-searching presentation of the gospel? Here is the class bulletin distributed the morning the men in the audience were reminded of one good way to utilize strong ankle bones:

"Go put your creed into your deed  
Nor speak with double tongue."

All who wish to go on the "Flower Hike" today should meet at 15th and H sts., N. E., at 3 o'clock for the Eastern Branch trip.

Our monthly "at home" will be held in the basement room of the church today from 5 to 6:45. Miss Burrall will be present and this gathering offers an excellent opportunity to get better acquainted with her and with the members of the class.

Our MAY DAY BANQUET—Friday, May 7th at 6:30 sharp.

Tickets for the banquet can be obtained from the captains today.

There will be an important meeting of the waitresses after class. Meet with Ruth S. Martin in the lobby.

All girls who would like to make decorations for the banquet come to the Y. W. C. A., 614 G St., N. W., Monday, May 3rd at 7 o'clock. As many captains as possible are requested to be at this meeting, as final preparations for the banquet are to be made.

The President, Mrs. Altizer, will have class pins for sale after the lesson today and at the "at home." These pins will be on sale only one Sunday a month.

Don't forget that our class picture is to be taken after class next Sunday. Tell any one you see who are not present today for we want this to be a picture of the entire class.

The Terrific Tigers will meet Monday evening, May 3rd, at 8 P. M., with Virgie C. Goode, 2014 F St., N. W. A hearty welcome to all Tigers.

Gritty Gophers—Special meeting Monday, May 3rd, with Capt. Jett, Wyoming Apt., 109, Col. Rd. and Cal. St. All Grittys urged to come for we need you and your help in our White Cross work. New girls are especially welcome. Meeting set on Monday on account of the banquet. Bring all ideas for yells, songs, etc.

Since the chorus is meeting at the church on Tuesday evenings, and there is no fear of crowding anyone, members, old and new, are coming out in full force. There were 48 present at the last practice. Don't you want to join them this week?

Class business meeting, at the church, Wednesday, May 5th, at 7:30. This is the time to bring your suggestions, or "kicks with cures," and to take an active interest in the affairs of the class. All captains are asked to see Ruth S. Martin at the business meeting.

The postponed meeting of the Church Mice will be held at 1438 N St., N. W., Monday, May 3rd, with Phoebe Hathaway and Bess Massey. We will study the second chapter of our missionary book and practice songs and yells for the banquet. Be sure to come. The time is 7:45 P. M.

Lively Lions will meet Thursday evening, May 6th, with Capt. Harris, 2421 18th St. Come prepared with songs and yells to be used at the banquet.

The Daring Deer study club will meet at L-M Bldg., Saturday, May 8th, at 7 P. M. Mattie Boyd will be the leader.

Notices for the bulletin should reach Edna Boyce, N. 270, before 8 o'clock Wednesday evening of each week.

There is a lot of zip and go to these notices, don't you think? They portray better than volumes of descriptive matter how very much alive are these W. W. G.'s.

Everywhere Miss Burrall goes in Washington, she is greeted as a friend. "There's J. B.!" is an expression heard frequently as she passes. The fine comradeship that pervades the class is shown in the absolute freedom from all stiffness and formality.



You see, this class is getting down to things that are basic. Of her work Miss Burrall says:

“The chief aim is the development of spiritual values—a sane, joyous, happy acquaintance with God. There is an undreamed of spiritual power in our girls throughout the country—all that they ask is leadership.

“We are great believers in the lure of the so-called impossible. Anyone can fail on an easy task but a gigantic one enlists the imagination and helps to carry one forward to victory. Thus our great handicap, namely, the shifting of population, normally a condition in Washington, and aggravated ten-fold by the war—a condition that caused all the pessimists to attempt to discourage even the starting of the class, has worked to our advantage in that the 500 or more girls who have left are carrying the seeds of the class spirit and sowing them in their home churches. ‘Junior Burrall Classes’ are being formed in many places.”

The motto of this class, descriptive of its power, reads, “We Specialize In The Impossible.”

### III

#### REGULAR FENCE BREAKERS

"I came to this country six years ago," said a young Italian student who found the best that America has to give those who come to her from other lands. "I knew not a word of English and practically nothing of the laws and customs of the people. I was ignorant of the institutions existing here for my benefit. I had not heard of libraries and schools, and as to Protestant churches I had heard no man even speak of them. The Italians were the only people I could associate with, for between the Americans and me there seemed to exist a fence which I alone could not break down. I wanted to mingle with them, but my inability to speak their language deprived me of many helpful friendships. It is not for us alone to break the fence. Are you representatives of Christ willing to meet the foreigner half way?"

A certain patriotic young Chicago Bohemian, as soon as the United States became an active participant in the European war, enlisted and desired to be sent into action at once. It was a great disappointment to him to find himself detained in a training camp in Texas. He could not speak the English language, and because he was a foreigner and could not communicate to his mates his innermost longings as a true lover of liberty, he was misunderstood and shunned.

Occasionally he was the object of ridicule in his



IN FOREGROUND FROM LEFT TO RIGHT MISS JESSIE BURRALL, TEACHER, AND MISS MABEL STRIDER, ASSISTANT-TO-THE-TEACHER, ALSO SOME OF THE OFFICERS AND GROUP CAPTAINS, BURRALL CLASS, WASHINGTON, D. C. (CLASS MASCOT IN WHITE)



barracks. They called him "the drosky." Because he accepted in courteous silence every bit of abuse, they told him he was a coward. But one day he picked out the biggest Texan in the lot and gave him a sound thrashing. After that he was treated as a comrade. And this is what he wrote to his parents:

"These Americans—they don't have any consideration for you unless you punch their faces."

The Bohemian girl who told me the above story turned to her piano and for an hour captivated me with her interpretation of Mozart, Grieg, Chopin and Beethoven. Then swayed by another thought she turned and faced me.

"I wonder sometimes why it is that the young people of America underestimate the foreign-speaking people who reside among them," she said. "Do you know that there is scarcely a Bohemian office girl in Chicago who has not from \$100 to \$500 invested in United States bonds and war savings stamps? There are very few of the young people in any of the Bohemian Baptist churches who have not had at least two years in high school.

"Sometimes our pastor makes remarks about the absence of our young people from the mid-week prayer-meeting. Don't think for a moment that all of them are at the 'movies.' The majority of our young people attend night schools. They are taking night courses at the Lewis Institute, at the Moody Institute and other institutions.

"Sometimes I like to talk about the literature that appeals to me. Not often do I meet American girls of my own age who want to talk about the Iliad and

about the works of Milton or Shakespeare or Spurgeon. I wonder if American young people realize what we foreign-speaking young people think when it is made plain to us that they consider us ignorant and uninteresting. Well, let me tell you, I'm tremendously proud of the advancement some of the Czecho-Slovakian young people have made in their adopted land, the language and customs of which they have been obliged to learn before making any headway at all!"

I wonder if this young woman has learned of the work which Miss Pauline G. Vegh, of the American Baptist Publication Society is doing for us by bringing together young Americans and young New Americans in the social and religious activities of the B. Y. P. U. A. Details of the "Buffalo Plan" may be obtained by writing to Dr. W. J. Sly of the Publication Society. Miss Mabel B. Bains, who for ten years has taught a large class of young men in the First Baptist Sunday school of Philadelphia, has done good work in this direction.

I am indebted to Miss Alma J. Noble and Miss Helen Crissman for some interesting items as to what some of the Guild girls are doing in community service.

Not only a vision of the need, but a challenge to individual work is found in many Guild chapters. Chapter 231, in the Englewood Baptist Church, Chicago, is trying to meet some of the needs of the city. For a year and a half Louise Peterson has conducted a sewing class among Slavic races at Public Park, near the Stock Yards. The class now has thirty members and meets for two hours each Friday night. For many girls this class is the only bright spot in their lives.



Jennie Malakowski expressed her pleasure in this way: "I just can't wait for Friday nights to come." Surely it is not an easy task to ride for an hour on crowded cars through an unpleasant district, giving up your own Friday evening appointments, but Louise Peterson is finding joy in Christ's service. Judith Anderson, another member of this chapter, teaches English to a Chinese woman. Eight other members of the chapter are volunteer teachers at the Polish Mission Industrial School. This meets Saturday afternoon and means for each teacher a hurried lunch after work and a car ride of one and one half hours. Surely, they have the vision of worthwhile service!

Chapter 529, of the Woodlawn Baptist Church, Chicago, has a constructive program for community betterment. Miss Lorraine DeHart has organized and is conducting a Camp Fire among Polish girls. She has a real opportunity to give them pleasure and to sow the seeds of right living. One fourteen-year-old girl leaves home at six in the morning and returns late at night. Last winter while her father was out of work she supported the family on \$14 per week. Miss DeHart's Camp Fire is the only pleasure she has to break the monotony of the hard work. Annie Movak, another member of the Camp Fire, sent out to pick up coal, was asked by one of her friends, "You wouldn't steal during Lent, would you?" Her reply was: "I don't care about stealing, but the coal is so heavy to carry." Can you see the light on the faces of these girls as Miss DeHart follows a conversation like this by a heart-to-heart talk on "Seeking Beauty"—beauty in nature, in life and the inner beauty of heart and character?

The Guild Chapter at Gary, Indiana, cares for the expenses of the church school in the Roumanian district.

The Chapter at Valley City, North Dakota, is alive to every opportunity to advance the Kingdom. At Christmas time they carried Christmas cheer into the home of a widowed mother and her four children. The W. W. G.'s called at the home, set up a Christmas tree, put on the trimmings, loaded it with needed gifts, candies and nuts, then slipped away to let the family enjoy their first Christmas tree. Yes, it was the first tree they had ever had and the oldest girl was fourteen. A warm blanket was given the mother and she said it was the best present the girls could have chosen. Each received two gifts and to the oldest girl was given a beautiful Bible. The W. W. G.'s of the First Church, Indianapolis, gave a Christmas party to the Roumanian children. There are indications that these parties for our New Americans will become more and more popular.

We learn from a source (not Bohemian) that the superintendent of one of the largest printing establishments in Chicago gives a ready reception to young Bohemians who apply for positions. I was told by one of the Bohemian pastors that when his countrymen become converted they make splendid workmen. Business men have asked him to recommend Baptists who might be induced to enter their employ. For instance, a jeweler in a large foreign-speaking community, through this minister, got in touch with a promising boy who is now rapidly working his way up in the business.

One of the fine products of Baptist missionary work among the foreign-speaking people of Chicago is a young man who is a leader in one of the Bohemian churches. It is said that at one time he was a prize fighter and a barrel-house frequenter. Converted under the ministry of one of our Bohemian pastors, he has developed into one of the best boys' workers in Chicago. In a remarkable way he has fallen heir to the life abundant. Since his conversion he has married one of the Bohemian Baptist girls and has a lovely family of children. Employed as a traveling salesman, he has made special arrangements with his firm enabling him to come home every Sunday for church services. As an organizer of boy-scout troops in connection with the Bohemian Sunday schools he has been very successful. The number of young men whom he has influenced to attend church and Sunday school has been notably large. At his council meeting of boy-scouts many plans for the up-building of the Kingdom are given birth.

It is the deliberate policy of the officials of the Massachusetts Baptist State Convention to get peoples of different nationalities to do something for each other, and then to do some things together. We have Swedish people who are working in Italian missions, lending a hand to the work for the Finnish people, and cordially welcoming Norwegians and Danes to fellowship and service. There are Lettish and Lithuanian brethren who have taken a leading part in work for the Russians, who speak only the Russian language. One French missionary occasionally conducts for the Italians a service in English; another French missionary

has, in addition to his former work, become pastor of an English-speaking church in another part of the city.

The soldier boys of two score nationalities and more fought together over there. They and their kindred are learning to work together over here.

## IV

### THE GOSPEL AND A MEGAPHONE

When our Hungarian missionary, Nikolas Dulitz, commissioned by the New York City Baptist Mission Society and the American Baptist Home Mission Society, began his work in the Metropolitan district, his heart was stirred by the needs of the unevangelized thousands along the East River. Without waiting for an appropriation necessary to purchase a tent, he started evangelistic meetings in a vacant lot around which he built a wire fence.

It was on 79th Street near Avenue A and the East River, that Nikolas Dulitz's "fence meetings" created a sensation which was expressed by the denizens of that congested quarter of the city in various ways. The roughest element in the neighborhood, as well as the peace-loving seekers after the truth, attended the meetings and packed the enclosure from the very first night. From the beginning it was evident that an organized opposition composed of atheists and Bolsheviki were determined to break up the meetings. Dulitz could not preach because of the boisterous manner of men of various ages who lined the sidewalk as well as occupied seats within the vacant lot. The missionary had two assistants, young men from the theological seminary, who as volunteers, had been sent to him for the summer's evangelistic campaign. There were in the audience, also, members of the First Hungarian

Baptist Church of New York City. For several nights the worshipers could do little more than sing, but they sang right lustily. It took real courage for the little band to persevere in their unique form of service in this section of the city. There were, in those nightly audiences, Jews and Roman Catholics as well as members of his own church, who begged Dulitz to call a policeman to his assistance to preserve order.

"But, my dear friends," said the missionary, "a policeman may be able to close the mouth but he is not able to convert the heart with his club."

After two weeks' constant prayer, the Lord taught Dulitz what to do. He purchased a big megaphone, and broke into pieces the rough voices of those who were determined to break his heart. But another difficulty arose, and one which was even harder for Dulitz to overcome. People living in tenement houses across the way came to him and earnestly protested against the bombardment of his voice against the walls of their homes.

"Please, Mister," pleaded a father, "do not holler so loudly. My baby cannot sleep. Your voice comes across the street and hits the walls of our bedroom and our baby lies awake until you finish your talking."

What could he do? He was not indifferent to that father's plea. On the arena of his heart there took place a battle between his sympathy for sleepless babies and his compassion for the souls of sinners. There was need for more prayer.

One form of disturbance, well organized and persistent, was particularly annoying to the young man who had invaded the cradle of atheism in America. Every



night two men, standing in different parts of the fenced enclosure, would start heated discussions between themselves and members of the audience; for example, one of these men would single out a particularly respectable-looking woman and during the progress of the service would utter indecent words for her ears only. In time this would almost certainly provoke a protest from her. Then in a loud, and abusive voice he would rail at her, enquiring what business she had to address him in a public place in such a manner. Smarting under the lash of his brutal speech, she would endeavor to make reply. This very situation was what the ruffian had been planning for. Others, favorably disposed toward him and having a part in the despicable plan, would join in the argument. It is needless to state that such a disturbance destroyed completely all semblance of dignity necessary for the successful continuance of the gospel message.

In the face of these difficulties which became more complicated as the meetings continued, Dulitz was driven, not to desperation, as one might suppose, but to greater devotion and more fervent prayer. Yet what was there to be done to cope with this bitter hostility?

The evening following the protest of the distracted father, Dulitz hit upon a plan which he put into effect immediately and with remarkable results. After the singing and the prayers, he came to the edge of his platform and through his megaphone began his evangelistic message. At once the usual organized disturbance began. Acting in a manner most natural and disarming, he handed the megaphone to one of his assistants and requested him to continue the song service.

In an unobtrusive way he passed to the rear of the audience and became a part of the crowd standing about the entrance. He already had spotted the two men who were the ring leaders in this organized disturbance. Walking up behind one of these individuals, he placed his hand upon his shoulder in a neighborly way. Never did it occur to the missionary to treat the enemies of the gospel in a harsh way.

"Good evening, sir," he said cordially, "this is a splendid occasion. My name is Dulitz; what's yours?"

"Hammelstein," the man said, completely taken off his guard.

They shook hands. "I am certainly glad to see you here," said Christendom's diplomat, and passing to the others, extended to them the same friendly greeting, although not in every case enquiring as to the name of the person he accosted. But there was another with whom he used the same tactics as with Mr. Hammelstein.

"A pleasant evening, sir," said the missionary, "I am glad to see you in our meeting. My name is Dulitz; and yours?"

"Novak," said this disturber of the gospel meetings, also completely taken off his guard.

Soon Mr. Dulitz returned to the platform and resumed his discourse. Immediately his opponents began their well-organized but ungodly interference. The speaker's opportunity was at hand. He directed his megaphone toward one of the ring leaders and in a loud, friendly voice said, "Is'nt that so, Mr. Hammelstein?"

Mr. Hammelstein turned his attention from the

woman with whom, apparently, he was endeavoring to start an altercation. His jaw dropped, and he looked in surprise at the speaker. Yet his head went up, his shoulders were drawn back and he swelled with conscious pride as he realized that this man on the platform knew him and had singled him out from all others in that polyglot audience.

"Why, yes—yes—I'll say you're right," he agreed, although it is doubtful that he had the faintest notion as to the statement to which he was assenting.

The speaker, during the momentary lull, went on with his remarks and when he was again compelled to pause on account of the boisterous voices of the disturbers, he directed his megaphone toward another point in the enclosure, and called, "Isn't that so, Mr. Novak?"

As Mr. Novak realized with unmistakable pleasure that even that preacher knew his name, it was his turn to straighten his shoulders, throw up his head, and reply: "Well, maybe so."

During the silence that ensued, and realizing that the speaker was willing to hold friendly discussion with his audience, a man asked if questions might be put to the platform.

"Certainly," replied the missionary. "If you behave yourselves you can put to me any question you please, although I wish to state at once that the greatest fool can ask a question which the wisest man cannot answer."

A murmur of approval greeted this very friendly retort. A score of men stepped forward with questions burning upon their lips. Now was their oppor-

tunity at hand to confound this advocate of the Christian religion who had dared to invade an atheistic stronghold.

"Wait a minute!" said Dulitz, laughingly. "Next Thursday night you may ask your questions."

A storm of protest greeted this announcement. "Why wait? Why do you put us off until Thursday?"

"I beg your forbearance and patience in this matter," went on the speaker. "I am here primarily to preach the gospel, yet I am not unwilling to give sympathetic attention to your questions. I wish now to make this announcement and have this understanding with you—every Thursday night while these meetings are in progress you may come to this place and ask such questions as you wish as long as you keep within the law. And I ask you to give me, an Hungarian, yet a citizen of the United States, a chance to exercise my rights as a citizen in a free land. But let me say that I am designating Thursday as a time when you may come forward with your questions only on condition that you do not try to break up these meetings at any time."

This reasonable proposition seemed to satisfy the crowd, and order was preserved during the balance of the evening. After the benediction Dulitz hurried to the sidewalk and met Hammelstein. Together they walked around a block, and then they walked around another block. For more than an hour they held earnest conversation, the young missionary winning his way gradually into the heart and sympathies of the man. After that night the voice of this atheist was not heard in the meetings, causing disturbance. His sympathy

for the missionary somehow was aroused even if he had not been persuaded to accept the missionary's faith. At the close of the service, the following night, Dulitz picked out from the dispersing crowd, the man Novak. Together they paced the stone pavements of the East Side.

"Mr. Novak, you believe in God!" was the rather startling statement with which the missionary began the conversation.

The man thus addressed could not be otherwise than honest with a man of this character. He acknowledged his belief in God.

"Then why do you oppose him?" asked Dulitz gently.

"I did believe in a God," parried the man. "But since the death of my dear wife, leaving motherless my two little babes, I have shut God out. For if there is a God controlling events, he would have been more merciful than to have allowed the death of my wife."

"But why cheapen your God?" asked the missionary. "You make him of less worth than the woman God gave you to be your wife. If you live decently you can prove that you are worthy to be a husband. There are thousands of good women in this world, any one of whom might be willing to be your wife."

It was a blessed hour the two men spent together that night and on no occasion thereafter did Novak lend himself to any plan to thwart the missionary in his efforts to help to evangelize the East Side.

Now we come to the first Thursday night appointed by Dulitz as the time when questions would be answered from the platform. The enclosure was packed,

every seat having been taken and standing room occupied. Dulitz preached a sermon of the usual length that night, after which he signified his willingness to entertain questions which those in the audience might choose to ask. The questions came thick and fast.

"There are 250 religious sects and denominations," shouted the first man recognized. "Which one should I select?"

"You are looking upon denominations, sects and churches as avenues of salvation," responded the young stalwart upon the platform, "and you must not be disappointed if I bring you directly to Jesus Christ, in whom alone there is salvation."

The man shook his head in protest; he could not be heard by reason of many insistent voices; it was evident the answer did not satisfy him. But he was jerked to his seat by half a dozen hands tugging at his coat-tails.

"You have your answer so keep your seat," shouted those about him, who were eager to put their questions.

A man rushed to the platform, climbed upon it and yelled into the missionary's ear, "Holy Spiritual Father, may I ask you a question?"

The missionary seized him by the arm and lifted him bodily, but not ungently, to the ground.

"I am a man as you are."

For a moment the enquirer did not sense the humor of the situation, but the audience did. He clamored for another hearing, but the crowd ruled otherwise.

"Shut up! Don't you know when you have an answer?"



And so it went. Patiently the missionary endeavored to give a fair answer to every question that deserved an answer and which he was capable of answering. A similar demonstration was repeated the following Thursday night, the crowd, in size, even surpassing the one on the previous Thursday night. Questions were asked and answered. Comparatively good feeling prevailed and order was preserved. There was one man among the atheists who had been selected to lead the discussion for them. He was a young Jew who had studied to become a rabbi; brilliant, passionate in speech and quick to detect any opening or weakness in the offensive or defensive tactics of the young Hungarian missionary, he was always aggressive and persistent in argument.

The third Thursday night found the atheists out in force. Somehow they realized that they were losing ground. Their questions apparently were not making inroads upon the courage and confidence of the man who was proclaiming the gospel of Jesus Christ in a place where no man had dared to preach in this fashion before. The leader of the atheists was bitter in his attacks during the hour of the open discussion. But Dulitz was given grace from above and in a most remarkable way was able to answer his opponents. By this time he had won the respect of many of his erstwhile adversaries. No longer was there necessity for a megaphone in order to be heard, and while he broke the Bread of Life to the hungry ones assembled within the confines of the vacant lot, the little babe across the street slept on uninterruptedly.

The meeting broke up at an unusually late hour, but

many of the people, as if loath to go, surrounded the missionary on the street corner where the leader of the atheists had detained him in order to continue the debate begun that night. An hour passed; two hours; midnight was at hand. One after another the auditors of that remarkable duel of words between the missionary and the atheist, growing weary, departed for their homes. The debate continued, the atheist insisting that there was no God.

"What do you want, my friend?" asked the missionary, "You are searching for some panacea, some utopia, a summum bonum; can you describe this supreme good to me—your idea of the ultimate satisfaction? Do you not fear that if you had all of your wishes fulfilled, socially, financially, physically, you would still be without that which would bring you comfort at a moment of extremity, such as a severe illness, or an accident might entail, possibly bringing you face to face with eternity?"

The other had no answer but was thrown back upon the vague generalizations already expressed. The bottom of his well had been reached. Dulitz expressed his desire to go home, as he was tired from his labors, saying: "We will continue this discussion tomorrow; good night." But as he turned to leave the other seized him by the coat.

"I want to tell you something! I believe in God; I believe in Jesus Christ; and I believe in the Scriptures."

The missionary was shocked.

"You have been fighting me most bitterly! I can hardly believe you!"

"I have been working for some months for an athe-

istic organization in this city and it was at their instigation that I am here leading the forces against you," went on the other. "At first we were surprised that a man would dare to come to this nest of atheism to preach the gospel of Christ. Then unitedly we went against you. Yet you have beaten us fairly. Our leaders have seen this and have advised us to stop our open opposition as it is plain to all that we are losing ground."

"But this does not explain your sudden change to the position of a believer," said Dulitz.

"Tonight the truth suddenly has been shown me," said the other. "I know that you must be connected with some supernatural power, for you have been only one and we have been a hundred."

## V

### THE ROMANCE OF A MISSIONARY CHURCH

“Five thousand dollars!” At the door of the little chapel a church member paused to express her opinion. “And from whom do you expect to get that much money?”

“Well, I think you’ll give about three hundred of it,” said the pastor.

The doubting woman shook her head. “We are all poor folks in this church. It can’t be done.”

The next day something happened which greatly heartened the pastor. A man who had never been inside the little chapel stopped him on the street.

“When are you going to build that church?” he asked. “I heard about your plans from my wife and we have talked the matter over and if you will accept a \$50 Liberty Bond, we want to give it.”

The minister knew that this offer meant sacrifice, for the man and wife, recently from Arizona, were depending on the daily wage earned by the husband in the ship yards. They were occupying two small rooms in the rear of a house. Somehow the big faith that shone from the eyes of this laboring man—this man who was not a member of the church—gave this pastor the faith to go forward with his plans. Through the Southern California Baptist headquarters he got into touch with Dr. F. H. Divine, Church Edifice Secretary of the

American Baptist Home Mission Society. In a few weeks Dr. Divine was on the field.

With an active constituency of less than one hundred members the First Baptist Church of San Pedro, the harbor city of Los Angeles, faced a crisis which had led Rev. A. B. Murphy, the pastor, to tell his congregation one Sunday morning that in order to discharge its responsibilities as an evangelical church in a growing community the church must build a larger and better house of worship, and that \$5,000 should be pledged by the membership in order to make this possible.

Dr. Divine made a canvas of the situation and told Mr. Murphy and his finance committee that the church must raise ten thousand dollars in order to obtain the co-operation of the Home Mission Society and the State Convention in the granting of a loan. When the wife of the pastor heard the proposal, she said: "We might as well quit and leave the field." The deacons and trustees exclaimed: "It can't be done!"

A meeting of the church was called for Wednesday night to be followed by a meeting at the same hour Thursday and Friday. On the approaching Sunday the supreme attempt would be made to test the giving spirit and power of the church.

Every variety of dubious sentiment was expressed in that Wednesday meeting. The representative of the Home Mission Society weathered the gale serenely and requested the people to commit the whole proposition to God in prayer.

A prayer meeting was held Thursday night at which a more hopeful spirit appeared. On Friday night

pledges were called for. The pastor's wife led off with three hundred dollars to be paid in three years.

A nurse got up and said that she had changed her mind three times.

"You are going to give two dollars a week for three years, aren't you?" asked the Home Mission man.

"That's exactly what I'm going to do."

Then a young Swedish woman, employed in the post-office, rose to her feet and said that her mother, three sisters and a brother had decided to give fifteen hundred dollars.

"What?" cried Dr. Divine, as he leaned forward with a hand to his ear. The woman was poor and the pastor had estimated that a total of four hundred dollars would be a large gift from the various members.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," repeated the young woman. (This was later increased to nineteen hundred and twenty-five dollars.)

The woman who told the pastor at the close of a Sunday morning service that the church could not raise \$5,000 came forward with a \$500 pledge and proved that she had the full measure of faith as presupposed by her pastor.

In making his appeal for the larger program during a session of the finance committee held prior to the Wednesday night meeting, Dr. Divine had said:

"Interpret your investments in the Kingdom of God in the terms of the future welfare of your children."

A business man upon his return to his home that night told his wife that he was going to make a gift of one thousand dollars to the church.



“No, you are not!” she cried. “We are going to. I decided that when I put the babies to bed.”

On Sunday it rained. Oh, how it rained! And when it begins to rain in that semi-tropical climate there is apt to be a continuous downpour for many hours in succession. So it happened that day. But a very wonderful thing happened. At both morning and evening services the people were in the little chapel pledging their support of a program that meant much to San Pedro. They planned not for themselves alone but for the great community that was growing so rapidly. They built for the future. The church raised in cash and pledges nearly fifteen thousand dollars before the evening service came to a close.

The little chapel was moved to the rear of the fine lot and the excavations for a magnificent structure were begun. Then the war put a stop to all construction—materials could not be obtained. Lending its support to every war drive, the church waited its opportunity. By the time the ban was removed on building operations, the cost of labor and materials had climbed so high that the budget of \$25,000 which had been liberal enough to cover the original estimates, was hardly more than half large enough.

What could be done? For one thing the church was not discouraged. Since that rainy Sunday in March, 1918, a larger faith had swept it forward to victory after victory. It had increased its missionary offerings and the pastor's salary. And missionary apportionments and pastor's salary were paid regularly and in advance! It sent its workers among the foreign-speaking people in San Pedro, East San Pedro and Moneto.

And it should be noted here that before this church began to work for a new building for itself, it co-operated whole-heartedly with the Los Angeles Baptist City Mission Society in the providing of superb buildings for the Japanese and Mexicans in the harbor city.

It was now clear that the building under the existing conditions would cost \$42,000. At the Denver Convention the pastor conferred with some of the denominational leaders. The question, "What more can the little church at San Pedro do if additional assistance is granted?" was answered a few weeks later when on a Sunday morning the same loyal people at San Pedro who had given until the giving spelled heroism, joyfully gave \$5,000 more—the little girl in the butcher shop, the Swedish girl in the post office, the widow and her three daughters—all of them gave until the sum of their united giving totaled \$18,500.

A few weeks ago a beautiful act of neighborliness was witnessed by the writer when representatives of the Baptist churches in the Los Angeles Association sat down at dinner in the auditorium of the unfinished building of the First Baptist Church of San Pedro and discussed with the members of the San Pedro church how to complete the fine edifice under construction. The guests individually pledged \$2,000 as a boost toward final success. Members of the Japanese and Mexican missions were present to express their gratitude for the splendid buildings which have been provided them and to declare their allegiance to the big program that will be under way when the First Church of San Pedro is provided with an equipment adequate to serve the needs of the community.

## RURAL COMMUNITIES



## I

### THEY CAME AMONG THEM TO STAY

#### The Story of a Country Church with a Community Spirit

Pastor after pastor came among them only to go away after a brief sojourn. And nobody blamed them for going. When the last pastor was about to depart they put a seven-hundred-dollar mortgage on the parsonage in order to pay the last cent of salary due him. They were very honorable that way. Furthermore, they had a feeling of pride because no mortgage ever had been placed upon the church property itself. And now there was nothing more to do but sell the church and parsonage and cease to exist as a Baptist organization.

This was the Baptist situation at New Monmouth, New Jersey, eighteen years ago.

One Sunday morning the pulpit was occupied by a "supply-for-five-dollars." There was a note in this man's message which somehow stirred the dying courage in the hearts of his listeners. Somebody—maybe it was the board of deacons—called a church meeting. It took real courage—admirable, God-given courage—to make the motion that "Brother Sutphin be extended a call as pastor of our church." Twenty-eight votes were cast; sixteen "for," eight "against," and four "blank." A salary of \$400 was agreed upon. The

deacon who served as church clerk was an honest man. He wrote Mr. Sutphin that he was ashamed of the kind of call the church had instructed him to send. But the minister read one portion of the deacon's letter several times. That which gripped his heart mightily was a postscript at the bottom of the page. The writer of the letter, lead by an all-wise Providence, had begged Mr. Sutphin to accept the call.

So the new pastor came upon the field. That was eighteen years ago. He is there today. Asked what had appealed to him as the most important thing to do when he first came upon the field, he replied:

"I made up my mind to stay ten years."

Broken in health and with his hearing all but ruined, Archibald Sutphin had given up a city church in Michigan to seek rest and health back on the old farm in New Jersey. He accomplished his first manual labor crawling on hands and knees, gratefully accepting the strength that came to him day by day. After a year spent close to the soil he began to supply the pulpit of the Baptist Church of New Monmouth; in two months came the call to become pastor on that field.

At the end of the first year, the deacon, who also served as clerk, handed Mr. Sutphin the draft of a church letter which he intended to submit to the church for its approval. Mr. Sutphin read it.

"Why do you say here that the church is discouraged?" he asked.

"Why, I don't know," admitted the deacon.

"Are you discouraged?"

"Not what I might say discouraged, now that I come to think about it."



“Then why say so?”

“I’ve written it that way for a good many years and it just naturally occurred to me to put it that way.”

“I’m not discouraged,” said the pastor. “In fact, I’ve every reason in the world to feel encouraged. How about you?”

“I feel the same way and I know others in the church who do. I’ll just change this.”

So the letter written for the Associational minutes that year contained a clause or two implying the conviction that there were reasons why Baptists in New Monmouth should feel encouraged to go forward, performing their share of Kingdom tasks with joy.

Hold that little word *joy* for a moment. Joy! There are certain conditions of soil and climate which every plant requires in order to reach perfection. Indeed, some go so far as to say that plants thrive best in an atmosphere of love, other conditions being equal. A true gardener is a lover. His supreme joy is found in making things grow. Love is patient; a gardener is willing to plant and dig and water and wait; and not only is he patient while he watches his plants thrive under his hand, but there is no season of the year that is not a joy-time for him. A seed catalog may be a classic in his eyes while the icy winds of winter rattle the shutters of his cottage windows.

A few steps along the shaded highway take one from the church to the parsonage. Perhaps we should have taken this little stroll earlier in the story. For the spirit which animates this home is that which I have tried to describe. Both members of it possess the happy

qualities of mind and heart which must be had by the successful gardener.

One day Mrs. Sutphin was riding on the trolley from Red Bank to her home in the country, when the conductor noticed that one of her purchases was a tiny, withered rose bush.

"A fool and his money soon part," said the conductor jokingly. "It will be a long time before that bush comes back to life."

"Please come and see for yourself some day," said the lady of the manse with her usual optimism.

The little plant for which Mrs. Sutphin paid a dime, was placed in the soil it liked best. Last summer its branches covered the front of the veranda of the parsonage and the little daughter of the conductor is a member of the Cradle Roll Mrs. Sutphin has fostered. All flowers bloom alike on this parish. From an arbor of roses she may look out upon a highway traveled by young men and women, some of them fathers and mothers, who once were her Cradle Roll babies.

Some years ago Mr. Sutphin planted several fruit trees and grapevines. Today his breakfast table is graced by the delicious products of his labor. With the foresight of a gardener he began early to plant the seeds which long since have yielded bountifully in the harvest field to which he was called. A study of the church membership reveals the interesting fact that of a membership of 250 at least fifty per cent are persons less than thirty-five years of age, while forty-five per cent of the constituency is under twenty-five years of age. Eighteen years ago these present-day church workers were being trained in the Sunday school and in social

clubs under the guidance of the pastor. He organized a young men's class and Mrs. Sutphin organized a young women's class. He is now devoting his attention to the entire Sunday school, while she is working with her "third batch" of young women. The personnel of the World-Wide Guild she organized, reveals names her Crade Roll carried a dozen years ago. From the outset the Sunday school was made the real feeder of the church. Meanwhile, the church was blessed with two superb Sunday school superintendents: Mr. Daniel B. Frost, who served for twenty-five years, and Mr. John N. Hillyer, the present superintendent.

Very early in his ministry, Mr. Sutphin became wedded to the idea that the church must exist for the community or cease to exist. He puts it this way:

"As soon as the people of a community begin to feel that the church is living *on* the community, the church is going to die, for the people are going to desert the church. But as soon as the community gets the idea that the church is living *for* the community, the people will support the church."

In some way through the years Mr. Sutphin has made himself indispensable to the community. An incident which throws a world of light on the spirit of the man happened the other day. A little boy in the neighborhood broke his cart. "Never mind," said his chum. "Mister Sutphin will fix it."

The idea that the church exists to serve the community is not a theory which Mr. Sutphin merely keeps on file; he has worked it. He believes that the church should serve the community in everything in which his parishioners legitimately can engage. Like every

wise pastor he preaches not only the gospel but the application of it, and for him this means preaching good farming, good citizenship (politics), good house-keeping, good business, good schools, etc.

Backed by the Usher's Union, an organization of young men, the pastor, a few years ago, inaugurated a series of lectures on farm topics. The speakers were secured principally from the New Jersey Agricultural College at New Brunswick. A stereopticon was used. These lectures proved to be immensely popular. They were attended by the grangers within a wide area, irrespective of church affiliations. In thus bringing together the best thought and practice in the science of husbandry, the church attracted the attention of the most progressive farmers in the community, and they gave an enthusiastic reception to the idea of holding annually a farmers' institute in the church. The pastor became a member of the Monmouth County Agricultural Society and Mrs. Sutphin became a director of the Department of Home Economics of the same organization.

The social life of the church has been happy and wholesome. At the beginning of Mr. Sutphin's ministry at New Monmouth, socials were held regularly in the parsonage. The pastor and his wife dared to entertain often, even when the salary was less than \$500 a year. The deacons and their wives were entertained; the trustees and their wives were entertained; the officers and teachers of the Sunday school were entertained. Indeed the hospitable couple who resided in the parsonage invented occasions to bring the people together in their home. Every fall the pastor went on

a rabbit hunt with the boys of the community and when the wonderful supper was served, the girls of the parish were there to enjoy it too. Then the girls would have some sort of "doings" to which they could invite the boys.

The pastor and his wife became the promoters of good times. In former days hay-racks were filled with picnickers; last year twenty-five automobiles and one truck were used to convey the members of the Sunday school to Asbury Park for their annual picnic. Until the call of the nation took away many of the young men, a field day was held annually on Thanksgiving Day, following the sermon. On the highway and in the corn field in front of the church, foot races, jumping contests, and other individual feats of skill and strength as well as group games were conducted.

The monthly socials by the young people are models of their kind. They furnish opportunity for the development of the latent talents of the boys and girls and young men and young women of the community. At first these programs were held in the parsonage, but during recent years the community house, built adjacent to the church, is the gathering place of the young people. Seldom is outside talent secured for these monthly affairs. The program, usually consisting of recitations, little dialogues, instrumental and vocal solos, community singing, games, not to mention the refreshments, serve as a magnet more powerful than the "movies" which can be reached by paying a seven-cent street car fare.

At one end of the social hall is the community kitchen. The ladies of the church are capable of furnishing

a royal reception and a magnificent dinner for any occasion. It is generally understood that the church and community house are open to the public at any time. School meetings, G. A. R. and other fraternal reunions have been held there.

The "Annual Roll Call" is an event anticipated with pleasure by young and old in the community. No efforts are spared to make this the red letter day of the year. Outside speakers—the best obtainable—are secured. The program is advertised weeks in advance. Neighboring pastors are sent special invitations. It is held in February when work in the orchards, fields and truck gardens will not prevent the farmers from attending an afternoon as well as an evening session. Supper is served at six o'clock, followed by a "social hour." Four committees work valiantly for the success of the occasion; the supper committee, composed of nineteen women, is no less important than the program committee, the reception committee or the music committee. Viewed from several standpoints, the Sixteenth Annual Roll Call, held February 6, 1919, was a memorable one. The church was out of debt, the community house having been completely paid for without outside aid. The pastor was paid a living salary. Missionary apportionments were met. Creditable amounts had been raised for Armenian and Syrian relief and for united welfare war work. Twenty-one young men had been sent into military service at home and overseas.

Every rural church has its own problems. It is not urged here that the methods used by one church to overcome its handicaps will bring another out of the





REV. EARLE D. SIMS, CHURCH INVIGORATOR





wilderness. It is the desire of the writer simply to call attention to the record of a church which was discouraged and broken down, handicapped in reputation as well as in spirit, handicapped as to location (restricted area on account of four other Baptist churches near at hand), and handicapped as to equipment, yet willing to follow the leadership of a farseeing pastor and accept a program of service, gaining strength year by year.

## II

### BUILDING CHURCHES OUT OF GRAVEYARDS

Earle D. Sims! His title? Why, to be sure we'll give you his title although he needs none. The individual himself is a Baptist institution. The title the Home Mission Society has given him is as unusual as the man. Nothing like either in existence—the man or his title. Earle D. Sims—Church Invigorator.

In the fall of 1917, Earle D. Sims started on a strange journey. He had heard that there existed somewhere in the sand hills of Keya Paha County, Nebraska, a Baptist meeting house that had been deserted these many years. He went in search of that church. He reached Long Pine, Nebraska, and after many inquiries concerning the "Pleasant Valley Baptist Church," learned that there was an old church building standing on a hill about ten miles from town, and that no one had had a thing to do with it for twenty years.

"That's the church I'm hunting," said Mr. Sims. "The Pleasant Valley Baptist Church."

The fact that no one could recall having heard the name "Pleasant Valley," did not deter Mr. Sims from writing some notices which he left with the local papers advertising the revival meetings that would be held in the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church *soon*.

He paid a man ten dollars to take him in his automobile on a search for that church. Into the automobile was loaded this preacher's outfit. The heaviest piece

of baggage was a carpenter's tool chest containing all kinds of saws, hammers, planes, braces and bits, screw drivers, finishing nails, tacks and tack hammers, trowels, for mason and cement work, carpet stretchers, a lemonade squeezer, a big gasoline lamp, a Chinese pig tail, tracts, a plumber's outfit and a blacksmith's outfit, putty and putty knives, overalls, a hack-saw, pipe cutters (useful when desirable to put a pipe railing around a choir), some Chinese idols, a camera and a complete "first aid" outfit.

Everything that was loaded into the automobile has not been enumerated, but we are not making a catalog for a mail-order house. At theological seminaries they talk about "the preacher's tools." Perhaps you are about to hear of some things no professor of homiletics ever thought of suggesting to his class. Earle D. Sims, church invigorator, carries with him a kit of tools that is the accumulation of years of Kingdom building. He is a physician to dying churches—a doctor who fills his own prescriptions. He knows what kind of tools he needs when he sets out in search of a church turned over to the bats and mice.

It was nearly dark when Mr. Sims dismissed the driver in front of an old deserted church in the center of a community known as Buffalo Flats. The building was a wreck. All the window lights were out, the doors sagged, the front steps decaying. He put all his baggage inside and surveyed the interior. Near the pulpit he found a Bible covered with plaster, also a few dilapidated song books.

Across the road there was an acre of land covered with tomb stones. Reverently he entered the cemetery.

Every lot in the acre contained a body. He took off his hat in that graveyard.

"Yonder is the old building," he told himself, "and here is the church."

Then and there he determined to remain in that community until a living church had been built up as a monument to those who lay dead in their graves. He started out and tried to find a bed for the night. He walked two or three miles and came to a home. He told the people why he had come to Buffalo Flats. They ridiculed the idea of rebuilding the old church. Why, the old church had not been used for twenty years! Nobody in that part of the country had any interest in it. The Baptists were all gone, anyhow.

A mile further down the road he stood at the threshold of a humble home. Without telling the farmer and his wife who he was, he asked for food and lodging. They gave him a welcome. He had a place where he could spend the night.

He heard the story of the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church. Many years before it had been organized under the ministry of faithful Pastor Blakesly who had driven over once or twice a month from Springview. It had been a prosperous church in its day and in the neighborhood there were at least sixty descendants of the church members now lying in the cemetery. Was there a church of any kind in the neighborhood? No. But there was a dance hall to which men brought whiskey and in the nearby haymows slept off their drunken stupors.

"These old Baptists who now sleep in the cemetery were faithful, although their church is now empty,"

observed the preacher. "It is our job to evangelize their descendants."

In the morning the evangelist asked the old farmer to lend him a wagon and his team of mules. His request granted, he hitched up and drove to Long Pine where he bought a ton of coal, a quantity of window glass, and enough lumber to make a few repairs. He hauled these things to the church and returned the team.

Now followed days and nights of steady toil. He spent the hours of daylight visiting from home to home and the evenings repairing the old church building. After supper he would go to the church, however distant his place of entertainment, light his big gasoline lamp and go to work with putty knife or hammer and saw. After a time he found a home where he was given a permanent abiding place. It was four miles from the church.

Revival meetings in the old church on the hill! The news created as much stir as if the biggest circus on earth had advertised an exhibition on Buffalo Flats. The house was full the first night. Some of the people came to make fun of the newcomer as soon as he should begin to remind them of their sins.

The preacher led them in a song service. They liked that. He knew some of them had not been inside a church for twenty years. He began to speak to them in a winsome way about the love of Jesus and about the people who had built the church and now were lying in their graves across the road.

The revival meetings went on. Christmas drew near. Mr. Sims proposed that Buffalo Flats have a commun-

ity Christmas tree in the church. This tickled everybody half to death. Nearly every adult was put on a committee—"sinners" and "saints" alike. Nearly every child was given a "piece to speak." Every family brought stacks of Christmas presents and "Santy" distributed them. Everybody got a sack of candy. Everybody was happy.

And now the preacher proposed that Buffalo Flats rebuild the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church as a monument to the dead. He made an appeal to the sons and daughters of the faithful men and women who had built a church in their own day. There were some who fell in with the idea; others treated it as a joke. Why a church? Now a school-house was of some use; so was a barn. But of what good was a church in that part of the country?

The preacher went right ahead with his plans for the rebuilding of the church. He went to Long Pine and bought \$1200 worth of lumber on credit. He had not a dollar to pay for it. Farmers who took oats to town said that they would haul back the lumber. A good coal stove was put in the church.

"From now on we are going to have a good fire in the church," said the preacher. "Come and see me."

So they came to watch "old Noah build his ark." The preacher welcomed them; told them to sit up to the fire. Meanwhile he continued to saw wood and fit the boards nicely in their proper places, smiling, laughing and talking all the time.

It was not long before those who came to see the preacher work took a hand at it themselves. The movement gathered momentum. Fitting up the old church



became the big idea on Buffalo Flats. Not a workman would take a dollar for his labor. The entire building was overhauled. A pipe railing was put around the choir loft; the pews were varnished and fitted with cushions; a cook stove was purchased and set up in one corner of the auditorium; a cupboard was installed and filled with a brand new set of dishes. "My! we never saw anything like this in Buffalo Flats." The church became prettier than anybody's home. Forty ladies in a ladies' aid society; an up-to-date Sunday school organized; a splendid choir; a pastor called; converts baptized, and the church dedicated free from debt. And Buffalo Flats raised every dollar, willingly, proudly.

The wonders of that dedication day! They sent for the old pastor—the only minister the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church ever had until now—and made him the guest of honor. He was a grand old man, nearly ninety years of age, who told them of the glories of those former years when the pioneers of Buffalo Flats built their meeting house and named it the Pleasant Valley Baptist Church. When he looked upon the beautiful edifice that had been rebuilt as a memorial for the departed church members, many of whom he had led to Christ, he rejoiced with their descendants who sat in the re-varnished pews and who are the mainstay of that little church today.

At sixteen years of age, poor health compelled Earle D. Sims to leave William Jewell College. The desire to preach the gospel burned in his heart but he believed there was no chance for him. He was without friends or funds. He made his way westward. His yearning

for Christian comradeship took him to the First Baptist Church of Denver where he met the pastor. Under his guidance the boy began preaching. At Cheyenne and Laramie, Wyoming, Pocatello, Idaho, and Provo, Utah, he conducted evangelistic meetings with marked success. In Seattle, Washington, he enlisted in the United States Navy and became the private secretary of Rear Admiral C. C. Carpenter, Commander-in-Chief of the American naval forces in Pacific waters. He sailed four years on the Flagship *Charleston*. After the civil wars in Brazil and Chili, he went to the Orient. One day's voyage out from San Francisco he stood at the stern of the ship and told a group of sailors why he owed allegiance to his Lord.

"Now I'm going to my office," he said. "If any of you boys want to start the Christian life, meet me there."

Twenty boys accepted the invitation. Every sailor knelt and prayed with him. Meetings were held every night. Many conversions took place. And on board the *Charleston*, in the middle of the Pacific, twenty-eight years ago, was organized the first Floating Society of Christian Endeavor, a movement that spread to nearly all of Uncle Sam's fighting craft.

The sailor-evangelist arrived at Nagasaki, Japan, a wicked town. He saw how the dives attracted the bluejackets, because these were the only places open to sailors, and a remarkable enterprise was begun by him. We wonder how widely it is known that Earle D. Sims, a yeoman of the *U. S. S. Charleston*, was responsible for the Christian Endeavor Home for Sailors in Nagasaki, Japan. While the fleet lay in port, this

youth raised 10,000 yen among sailors and officers and bought a hotel. He had this hotel fitted up with a reading room, club rooms, bath rooms, etc. He wanted to leave the Navy, in order to manage this home, but Admiral Carpenter would not let him off. Then he wrote to Dr. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society of America and said that he would deed the home to the Christian Endeavorers of America on condition that they would put a missionary in charge. The Endeavorers accepted the offer, made over the building and today are carrying on a splendid work there.

When Admiral Carpenter was relieved of his command at Shanghai, to be succeeded by Admiral Dewey, just before the battle of Manila, Earle D. Sims stepped off the *Charleston* with him. The old admiral went home a broken-hearted man and his young secretary went to the Shantung Province of China and began his labors as a missionary. He spent all of his savings building missions. He met Miss Vivian Divers, a missionary of the Southern Baptist Board, wooed and married her. In wheelbarrows, pushed by coolies, the couple spent a two months' honeymoon touring northern China. They labored as missionaries until the Boxer War. They were in the heart of the trouble. Fifty missionaries in districts surrounding them lost their lives. They escaped through the kindness of the governor of the province who gave them a cart and a guard of soldiers. They were three weeks reaching the coast. The hardships of the journey nearly took the life of Mrs. Sims.

Returning to America, Mr. Sims completed a theological training and took up once more his work as an

evangelist. Four years he served as state evangelist in Tennessee, three years in Florida, five years in California and five years in Nebraska, and during these periods of time made over many churches that were all run down and ready to quit. And now under the direction of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, as the official church invigorator of the denomination, a title earned rather than conferred, he continues to be used by God in a wonderful way. During his later years of service he has organized fifty churches, built thirty church edifices, twenty parsonages and has received into these churches a gratifying number of members by letter and baptism. Even as we write, he is tackling what he calls "the biggest job yet," in a western town where the Baptist constituency has shown a willingness to rent the church property and put the money in the bank, rather than maintain religious services. We have no doubt of the outcome under the direction of this amazing man of God.

Ordbend was located twenty miles from a railroad. It was a small place without a post office. But Mr. Sims heard that there was a Baptist family in the community and that took him to Ordbend.

"Let's hold revival meetings in the school-house," he suggested to the head of this Baptist family.

The meetings were announced.

A young buckaroo, wearing gauntlets, spurs and a sombrero tilted over one eye, swaggered up to the evangelist.

"I hear there's going to be revival meetings in the school-house."

"Yes."

"Well, there'll be no revival meeting next Friday night."

"Why not?"

"We've spoken for a dance and the trustees said yes. Your meetin' is off."

And there was a dance Friday night. And the crowd! The whole countryside was going to show that preacher what it wanted. Mr. Sims did not fight the dance. The next day he gathered up the whiskey bottles which the dancers left and placed them in plain view on the steps and window sills of the school-house. They told their own story. Men came to the evangelist and begged him to help them build a church.

"We ought to have a church," they declared. "We need one."

"If you are with me we'll build the church right now," said this church invigorator. "In fact I can build one alone."

So the farmers began to haul lumber. Others came and helped with saw and hammer. Very quickly a \$2,000 edifice was erected.

One day the individual with the spurs and rakish manner confronted Mr. Sims.

"I understand," he said, "That you are fighting our dances, and I'm here to give you a licking."

"Go to it," said the ex-sailor who had learned the art of self-defense on board a battleship of the first line. "Go to it, but let me give you fair warning: you'll never give another man a licking."

The fellow looked into the cool eyes of a real fighter and walked away without striking a blow.

Today there is a Baptist church at Ordbend which the people love.

Mr. Sims heard of a Baptist family living in the sand-hills, forty-five miles from North Platte, Nebraska. He went out there and began evangelistic meetings in the little Glen Echo school-house. The settlers traveled as far as fifty miles to attend the services. Several were baptized and a church was organized in three school-houses. Three Sunday schools were started. Sometimes the people came together in one central place for a service. They began to talk of building a little church.

"Let's build something worth-while, costing at least \$5,000," suggested Mr. Sims, who believes in putting up as beautiful a church building in the remote country places as anywhere.

But \$5,000! It nearly drove everybody to cover. However, the church invigorator proceeded to find out whether or not the money could be raised. The American Baptist Home Mission Society would render certain aid in co-operation with the State Convention. The churches of the association pledged \$600. \$1,000 was raised in cash, and pledges among the farmers. Success was assured.

"Build the church on my place," invited the whole country. "No charge for the land."

A central place was picked, consisting of ten acres of deeded land. A well was dug and a windmill erected providing plenty of water for an outside baptistry and a watering trough for horses. The excavation for a basement was begun and Mr. Sims, at the bottom of the



pit, handling the scrapers, kept two teams busy for two days. One hundred and two loads of material were hauled eighteen miles over the sand hills. The first cement basement in that part of the country was built for the church. It was given white enamel walls. A beautiful building was erected. You will find there rest rooms, a community kitchen and a banquet hall with folding tables, so that the basement can be changed from a gymnasium into a social room or debating forum at any time. The whole countryside learned to love that church. A row of sheds 126 feet long was built for teams and automobiles, and at one end a room nicely fitted up for a pastor's study. One acre of land was planted with trees with a view of furnishing shade for future picnic and camping parties. Another plot was set aside for a cemetery and another for an athletic field. A broncho-busting contest was staged for the new pastor, who was called when Mr. Sims had finished his work. The new minister made himself solid with the cowboys of the country by taming an outlaw horse after they had dared him to ride it.

When Dr. Bruce Kinney visited this rural community center he was surprised to find a well-played game of tennis in progress. You will find at Glen Echo today a progressive Christian work going on in church and Sunday school. It pays to build something worthwhile for folks who live many miles from a railroad.





## INDUSTRIAL COMMUNITIES







LABOR EVANGELIST DAN SCHULTZ IN ACTION AT CARSHOPS OF THE PACIFIC FRUIT EXPRESS, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

## I

### HIS BROTHER IN OVERALLS

"Say, boy, I'll give you just twenty-four hours in this hole. It's too tough for you."

The young Baptist preacher to whom the clerk in the little dingy western hotel directed his remarks, laughed.

"That's not answering my question," he said. "I want to know if there are any churches in town."

"Churches! Homesick already?"

"Not exactly," replied the "sky pilot." "I have been sent here by the American Baptist Home Mission Society to hold some meetings, and I'm anxious to know what has been done here in a religious way."

"I've been living here eleven years, stranger, and I've never heard of any preaching in this town unless it was by some pilgrim who tried to do a little persuadin' on the side to get enough money to leave town."

Dan Schultz ignored the slur on his profession. He had come to G———, Wyoming, to hold some gospel meetings, and while he was new to the West, he had no extreme notions as to the sort of reception a minister should expect from the inhabitants of a lawless frontier town.

"Have you a town hall?" he inquired.

"You'll get the town hall!" The clerk laughed with secret amusement. "See the mayor. He runs this hotel. You'll find him in the bar-room."

Schultz stepped into the saloon. The mayor's bar-

tender was the town marshal. The pair, socially and politically, were the real leaders in G———. The young evangelist was greeted with a torrent of profanity when he made known his desires to the mayor, but met the abuse in courteous silence.

"Hold meetings Sunday night, eh? What kind of meetings?" The mayor continued to curse the preacher. "We're holding a dance in the town hall tomorrow night."

Suddenly a cowboy turned away from a gambling table and shook his fist in the face of the proprietor.

"I'm here to say that a stranger who comes here to do us good gets his chance as long as he's on the level," he shouted. "And if it comes to a fight, I'm ready."

Encouraged by this support from an unexpected quarter Dan Schultz drew a Bible from his pocket and read a short passage, then in a clear, sweet tenor voice, sang a hymn, after which he spoke a few words concerning his Saviour to the men about the bar and gambling tables. When he had finished he turned to the mayor who had not ceased his cursing.

"This is the kind of stuff I preach," he said.

The mayor, famous for iniquity, was a coward at heart. The defiance of the cowboy had weakened somewhat his open opposition to the preacher. But there was a shrewd glitter in his eyes as he compromised concerning a religious meeting in town.

"We are going to have a round up dance tomorrow night," he said, "and I will consent to your having use of the hall the first part of the evening, providing you stay to the dance."

"All right, I'll be there," assured the minister.



He visited twelve saloons that night, inviting the men and women he found to the Sunday evening service. During the next forenoon he visited every house in the town, making known his business and purpose and extending an invitation to all to be present at the gospel service. When he entered the hall that night he found it packed to the door. After looking over the audience and shaking hands with men and women, he stepped to the platform and asked if there was anybody in the hall who could play the organ.

"Belle, show him what you can do!" said a man in a thick, bantering voice.

As a young woman came forward, Schultz was loath to permit her to play or to take part in the service, because of her manner of dress. But after thinking a moment, he decided that Jesus, his Master, would have given her the privilege after she had offered her services. He found her a competent musician with a good voice. They sang two duets when a cowboy demanded, "Where is My Wandering Boy tonight?" Everything went well with this old favorite until the second verse was reached when the young accompanist hid her face in her hands and wept. The evangelist sang the song to the finish without organ accompaniment. Then he opened his Bible and began immediately to preach.

After the sermon the chairs were shoved back to the side of the wall, and the dance, which the preacher had promised to attend, began. But somehow the usual hilarity was lacking. About midnight the mayor came to the evangelist.

"You were out quite late last night," he reminded him, "and no doubt you are tired. Perhaps I ought not to

have invited you to the dance. If you desire, you may go to your room. The boys and girls are not having a good time."

"Is the dance over?" asked Schultz.

"No."

"I promised to stay to the dance, and will stay till it's over."

During an intermission it was announced that gospel meetings would be held in the town hall every night that week. The people who were dancing greeted the information with hand clapping.

The young woman who had played the organ came to the hall early on Monday evening and told the minister that she would like to have a talk with him. She was dressed modestly, without any paint and powder. Seemingly, she was a different girl. After relating to Dan Schultz something of her life's history, she declared that she was going to live a Christian life. The preacher prayed for her and she prayed for herself; then both rose from their knees with the understanding that before the meeting began that night, she was to tell her story and her decision to serve Jesus Christ.

The next day, while a cowboy was riding down the street on his pony, a fellow yelled from the saloon door, "There goes the parson!"

The cowboy took his rope and threw it, just missing the young preacher's head. And the following evening this same cowboy rode into the town hall on his pony through the swinging doors, clattered up to the front, turned his pony around and said, "Parson, excuse me, I just want to see Bill. Come outside, Bill, I want you." But the ruse failed to make the parson angry. All they

wanted was a plausible excuse to drive him out of town.

At another service, Dan Schultz entered the building to find on a table, which he used for a pulpit, a glass of beer and a small glass of whiskey, with a note, which read, "Parson, help yourself when you are dry." Underneath the top of the stand were pint bottles of whiskey and a bottle of beer. And on each window sill there were empty beer bottles. The room was decorated not so much to advertise the saloon as to "get the parson's goat."

During his sermon the evangelist did not refer to the saloon, nor to the drinking habit. When the service was half over, he turned to a young man in the audience, smiled in a friendly way, and said, "I never did like stale beer, won't you please throw this out and get me a glass of fresh water?"

After drinking a few mouthfuls of the water, he thanked the young man and went on with his sermon. He had seen through the game—if he had touched on the drinking habit, or said anything against the saloon business, or the gambling business, he would have been run out of town that night.

This same night, upon returning to his room, a gang of men ran out of a saloon with revolvers, firing into the sky.

"Parson, they are after you!" some one shouted.

The preacher faced the hazers and laughed with hearty good fellowship, "Boys," he said, "what's all this trouble about?"

"You can go back, fellows," yelled a man on the opposite side of the street. "The parson is all to the good."

"I reckon he's no tenderfoot," acknowledged a reveler.

And from that time on Dan Schultz had the confidence and respect of the rougher element of the community.

He organized a Baptist church which is today one of the most wide awake in Wyoming. On the occasion of the first baptism in a pond about eight miles from town, the saloons and business houses were closed and the town turned out to the service.

One day, several years later, when Dan Schultz was a pastor in Pittsburgh, Pa., he was viewing a parade advertising a wild-west show, when suddenly one of the riders stopped at the curb in front of him and jumped from his pony.

"I'd rather see you than the President of the United States!" said the cowboy as he grabbed the preacher's hand. "Do you know me?"

"I'm afraid I —."

"Why don't you remember the man who tried to rope you out in G——, Wyoming, some years ago?"

"I certainly do. You can't be the man!"

"I'm the fellow."

The cowboy invited the minister and his family to the show grounds where he introduced Dan Schultz as "the parson who was harder to rope than an outlaw broncho."

In Pittsburgh, at this time, the young minister was undertaking a kind of service that required the same qualities of Christian manhood which he had displayed on the frontier.

Daniel L. Schultz was pastor of the Lorenz Avenue Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., when the great Westmoreland County Coal Strike began. Reading of terrible conditions existing among the miners he felt it his

duty to go and see whether the newspaper reports were true. He found men and women living in tents pitched along the roadsides, and this in the month of March. With the rain often wetting their household goods and their bedding, cold and dampness increased the suffering that hunger brought. At this time the United Mine Workers of America were extending aid to the extent of about \$2.50 per family, per week. The women and children for the most part were poorly clad, some of them being without shoes or stockings on their feet.

After viewing the field for one week, Dan Schultz returned to his church, told of the conditions found among the striking miners, and made a request for clothing and shoes and anything that was needful for children and women. The church gave him the privilege of spending all the time necessary to aid these people. He began to solicit clothing, shoes, food and money in different parts of the state, returning at frequent intervals to distribute the goods received.

During this period, the United Mine Workers of America made him chaplain of the convention, and nearly every local union in Pennsylvania pledged itself to assist him in supplying the needs of the strike sufferers. During this time it was Dan Schultz's privilege to speak to large congregations of men, women and children of different nationalities, concerning the church and its attitude toward the working man.

On one Sunday afternoon he addressed over nine thousand miners and miners' wives and children, through interpreters. Among them were Slavs, Russians, Italians, Croatians, Hungarians, Poles, Lithuanians, Serbians, Scotch, Germans, Austrians, Bohemians and Rou-

manians. He spoke to these people on the subject of God's wonderful love to the children of men. It was the first time that many of them had heard this story. A prominent Catholic labor leader who had introduced him at the beginning of this service, said, "It is my privilege to introduce a brother of Jesus Christ, who has proved himself thus by his work and sacrifice for our folks. Whatever Father Schultz tells us we believe, for we have confidence in him and his message."

During fourteen months Dan Schultz and his helpers collected and distributed over ninety tons of clothing, thirty-eight thousand pairs of new shoes, over twenty-seven thousand dollars in checks and money. Contributions came from capitalists as well as from labor unions, socialistic organizations and churches. Just before the strike ended, a number of leaders of the American Federation of Labor met in the city of Pittsburgh, for a conference. After passing a number of resolutions, thanking the church of which Dan Schultz was pastor and also the denomination to which he belonged, for the loyal support in the movement to supply the needs of the strikers, they passed a resolution requesting the Baptist denomination to call Dan Schultz out of the pastorate to devote his time entirely to the working classes of the United States, and on January 1, 1911, he began his remarkable ministry among them, working in coal fields, shops, factories of all kinds, preaching the gospel and trying to show the working man that the church is not his enemy but his friend. His work gradually has broadened until he is now recognized as the Field Labor Representative of the American Baptist Home Mission Society.



During the period of his labors eleven national labor unions have conferred honorary cards upon him, giving him access to thousands of local unions in the United States.

At Denver, Colorado, after a number of noon-hour meetings in the Denver and Rio Grande railroad shops, the chairman of the Brotherhood of Railroad Carmen of America, Lodge No. 146, located in Denver, requested Mr. Schultz to attend the union meeting on a certain Saturday night. There were thirty-eight men in the shops who were not members of the organization when the evangelist received this invitation and these men applied for membership in the local union and were present at this meeting on Saturday night. After an address at an open meeting in the Carmen's Hall, the thirty-eight names were presented together with the name of Dan Schultz for membership. The vote upon the candidates was unanimous. The evangelist received his card, which is called a traveling card, from this union, the largest of its kind in America. This gives Dan Schultz access to the meetings of all the Brotherhoods of the Carmen of America. It has been his privilege to speak to a number of these unions about the claims of the gospel of Christ as well as the attitude of the church toward labor.

At a recent labor convention, which Dan Schultz had the privilege of addressing, a tall Irishman in his introduction of the speaker said: "Some one has told me that Solomon, the wisest man in the world, said that there was nothing new under the sun, but the Baptist denomination has got one on him. They have a labor evangelist



who spends his time in behalf of the working classes, and is supported by the denomination all the time.”

One of the most dramatic events in the career of our labor evangelist occurred during the intense labor troubles on the Pacific Coast. In Seattle he was invited to speak before the open forum which met every Sunday night in the Labor Temple. Here crowds of all classes of men and women congregated, many of them out and out opponents of the church and the Christian religion. On arriving at the building, Schultz had to press his way through the crowd up the steps into the great hall. As he entered the room he heard a man, who was formerly a minister of the gospel, denouncing “sky pilots,” churches and the Bible. The chairman of the meeting introduced Dan Schultz to the audience, and the latter was about to speak, when this ex-minister declared that he had been paid by the capitalists to come and ram down the common peoples’ throats a religion that made the working men and women industrial slaves. He challenged the labor evangelist to debate with him upon the subject of God, the church and “so-called salvation.”

“If this audience, at the close of my speech, decides that I haven’t fully answered this man,” said Dan Schultz, “then I will be glad to stand here, if it be all night, and endeavor to answer the questions of this man.”

The moderator of the meeting requested the challenger to hold his peace or leave the building. Mr. Schultz spoke for forty-five minutes, closing his address with an account of his own Christian experience, his early trials as a child laborer in a glass factory, and declared his

allegiance to the Gospel of Christ and the church which had done so much for him.

"Friends," said the speaker, "I believe that the church and labor have a common platform. The church stands for some vital things that organized labor has been fighting and pleading for during many years, such as complete justice for all men in all stations of life, equal pay for equal service, one rest day every week and that day the Sunday, the wiping out of the sweating system, shortest hours possible for laborers, the right of employee and employer to organize, a universal educational system and abatement of poverty by as equal a distribution of products as can ultimately be devised."

"Tell us, if you please," requested a man in the center of the hall, "how can a Christian employer compel his employees to work seven days a week, twelve hours a day, on small pay, then expect labor to have any sympathy with the church to which he belongs?"

"Christianity is a personal matter," replied Dan Schultz. "Every man personally must decide for himself whether or not to accept Christ's teachings and apply them to his own heart and life, or whether or not to ally himself with any church that has had a share in spreading the knowledge of the Saviour's love. May I remind you that one of the fundamental principles for which Baptist churches stand is individual responsibility. No man is a true representative of Jesus Christ or of the church to which he belongs, who will oppress his employees and compel them to break the Lord's day and work long hours which unfits them for happiness and for life."

After replying to a number of other pointed questions

concerning the attitude of the churches toward labor, Dan Schultz forced his way through the crowded aisles to the third floor where he faced a company of radicals who made no attempt to cover their radicalism. When he began to speak, a woman rose and said in English, "Mr. Chairman, must we have this God-stuff rammed down our throats again? Why do we have to listen to 'sky pilots' who are controlled by the capitalists of this country?"

The woman was applauded for a long period. The evangelist realized that he was in for a severe grilling. He closed his eyes and said, "Father, give me the sympathy which Jesus would have for these people."

Others rose and asked questions and denounced the churches, the ministry and the Bible, and some even dared to denounce the Government of the United States because of the freedom allowed all churches and religions by the Constitution. After standing for about forty minutes, listening to their various indictments, Dan Schultz finally was permitted to begin his address.

"Now I presume you feel better," he said, "I can sympathize with you. When I eat anything that does not agree with me, it makes me sick, and I can never think properly, so long as that's in my stomach. You have emptied yourselves of many thoughts that have disturbed you. Now that you have decided to listen to me, I hope that you will conclude that I am not your enemy even as the Christ who saved me, and sent me to you to speak to you, is not your enemy. You will find that we only misunderstand each other. By and by we will be friends."

He endeavored to analyze a Christian church. What

is a church? Who is the author of the church? Why are churches in existence today? What class of people compose the membership of the churches? He told them why all churches should be in sympathy with every man who labored, whether with his hands or brain.

At this point the speaker was challenged by a man who asked him if he had ever labored, and if he had any idea what a working man's family had to put up with, when he did not receive enough to give them a comfortable living and had to take his children out of the high school and put them to work, in order to keep the family going. Dan Schultz answered by relating his early experience as a boy of nine years of age when he began to labor in glass factories to help support his family. The questioner then apologized for even doubting the speaker's sincerity.

Another man who had challenged the speaker's honesty of purpose asked for the privilege of the floor.

"I want to apologize to Mr. Schultz for the way I abused him," he said, "If he had told us at the beginning his early life history, we perhaps would have listened to him more readily. I hope he won't take offense at anything we have said." He concluded by inviting Schultz to visit this open forum again, promising a more charitable bearing.

At Bremerton, where the large federal shipyards are located, Dan Schultz was invited to speak to several labor unions. At the close of one of these meetings, three men who were radically opposed to the churches, began to ask questions, some of which were very insulting, but the evangelist received grace enough to smile and answer in a kind, considerate manner.

While one of the men was denouncing Christ, a member of the Blacksmiths' Union rushed up to him with his fists doubled and tears running down his cheeks.

"I'll not have any man insulting Jesus Christ," he shouted. "I have been doing this very thing myself for thirty-five years, but tonight, here in this hall, while Mr. Schultz was speaking, I decided for Christ, and I aim to stick up for Him from now on."

The next evening this man with his wife and child were sitting in the front part of the Baptist Church of Bremer-ton, and when the invitation was extended to those who wished to testify concerning their Christian faith, he was the first to rise to his feet.

At the close of an address before another union, the president of the organization requested Dan Schultz to remain for a moment, as he wanted to say something.

"I have not been inside of a church since a funeral I attended about nine years ago," he confessed. "But tomorrow night you will find me and my family at church. A church that supports a man who is working for the laboring man is the church for me."

Then a Roman Catholic who was the door-keeper, arose and said: "And I want to move that every one of the members of this union go to the church where Rev. Schultz is holding evangelistic meetings." The motion was carried. Many of the men were found at the church the next night and quite frequently thereafter.

In Portland, Oregon, Dan Schultz was invited to visit forty-four labor unions, and managed to speak to thirty-eight of them. At one of these gatherings a man who had been a pastor in an eastern city, but had become soured against his church, because of industrial condi-

tions for which he had blamed the church, listened to him with intense interest, and as the evangelist was leaving the building he requested an interview. He told Dan Schultz of his early training and then offered his hand and said, "God helping me, I will renew my vows, return to my church and be found working for Christ."

## II

### THE HUT AT THE END OF THE TRAIL

For three days the narrow trail had led Reynolds and a dozen young companions, natives of the "big country," through canons and over lofty mountain ridges until they came to a river which the boys said could not be crossed.

"I'll swim it for you," said Reynolds.

In amazement the boys looked at the river and then at this man who had passed the meridian of life some years before.

"Say, Mr. Reynolds, you don't mean it!"

Already the leader of the camping party was preparing to take the plunge into the icy waters of the Rogue. With powerful, confident strokes he struck out toward the opposite shore which the current did not allow him to reach until he had been carried five hundred feet below the point where he had left the boys. Then he walked up-stream twice that distance and swam back to the starting point. This physical feat was a revelation to the boys. This broad-shouldered Baptist preacher who had come to their town to build a new kind of a meeting house, had that day won a real place in their hearts. No longer was he a stranger to them. Now they understood him. They knew that he must have been a boy once. He was a real fellow. He belonged.

That night about the camp fire they had the usual story hour. As usual Reynolds asked the young woods-





VIEW OF FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, PITTSBURGH, WHICH TELLS ITS OWN STORY



men what kind of a story they wanted. He had been telling them stories of adventure and stories of the war—he had served overseas in a “Y” uniform and had a lot of interesting things to tell.

A boy who had been rather less talkative than the others since the river episode, looked up. “Tell us the story of a clean man,” he asked.

For the moment Reynolds thought the boy was making fun of his week-old beard. Then he saw that he was in earnest. Simply and briefly he then told the boys how richer and fuller a man’s life may be if it is lived cleanly and honorably

“You could not have made it across the Rogue River if you had lived an unclean life,” said the boy who had asked for the story.

And so he had been living a week in the open and every day preaching sermons that are not surpassed in pulpits. He will never lose the allegiance of those boys. And this all happened, too, when Reynolds was in peculiar need of the sympathetic interest of the people where he was instituting a new form of missionary enterprise.

Most of the young hikers and quite as many more were organized into a Sunday school class at Powers, Oregon, where Mr. Reynolds was the pastor of the Baptist Church and where he was constructing a large and beautiful community hut.

As this is the newest of all Baptist missionary projects on the frontier, I was requested at Home Mission headquarters to visit it and to take with me camera and notebook as necessary adjuncts of my baggage.

Leaving the main line of the Southern Pacific at Eugene, Oregon, I rode all day through some of the best that

Oregon has to offer in the way of varied landscape. An hour out of Eugene and the big timber is entered. On every hand rise mountain slopes clad with the fir, tamarack and pine that will keep the mills in the canons below humming for years to come. Not until the railroad came did a wagon trail penetrate that virgin wilderness and even now there is but one highway for vehicles.

At mid-day we skirted many lakes. Then the traveling sand dunes of the Coos Bay country rose white before us. Beyond Marshfield, which is the metropolis of all that section, we penetrated still deeper into the forest. The mountains grew loftier. At Powers, Oregon, they formed a deep cup at the bottom of which nestles a cluster of homes and business blocks. The town seemingly is shut away from all the world. On every hand stretch the mountain forests from which a large lumber company is cutting nearly a half million feet of timber a day. They tell us that this company has enough timber to keep its mills running for seventy-five years. Here among a big, brawny, healthy, democratic race of lumbermen, Rev. F. W. Reynolds, under the direction of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, decided to build the first community hut in the Northwest and to this community was sent Robert V. Russell, a graduate of McMinnville College, to serve as the first hut secretary. And Mrs. Russell, a graduate of the same institution, and a six-months-old babe, went with him to make his world the brighter and happier.

The hut is the largest building in town, and the inhabitants take a modest pride in pointing it out to strangers. It stands on a corner lot and in size is 47 ft. x 120 ft. Many concrete blocks form a foundation

that lifts the structure above the mud and rot. The first five feet of the walls are logs of six to eight inches in diameter chinked with quarter rounds and moss. The sides of the building above the uprights and the roof are covered with best grade red cedar shingles. A feature of the building, contributing to its beauty as well as admitting an abundance of light, is the fifty-two feet of French doors along the side facing south.

I tried the first door I came to. It was unlocked. And this carried a world of significance. I believe the main door is never locked. As soon as the genial young secretary in charge spoke to me I felt at home. It was not long before I was becoming acquainted with the various interior features of the hut.

One of the first things that attracted my attention was the appropriateness of the interior arrangement. The hut is an outgrowth of a new idea in Christian welfare work. The main assembly room expresses bigness and honest workmanship and generosity and hospitality and a lot of other things good to know. The tamarack logs that support the roof are stripped of bark and stand in two clean, uniform rows from one end of the room to the other dividing the space into three parts if you choose to look at it in that way. In the center of the room the chairs are in order for any sort of public gathering, while on the sides equal spaces are used for recreational purposes. There are tables for checkers and chess and magazines. The north side of the room is broken by a glorious, old-fashioned fire-place to which one is drawn irresistibly. The chimney is covered with five-inch logs, Negro cabin style. The stones are small blue boulders from a nearby canon bed.

The mantle and the walls above the fire-place are decorated with huge native elk horns, small deer horns, skins of wild animals, muskets, swords and other relics. On either side of the fire-place are shelves, which gradually are being filled with good books. Nearby are a piano player and talking machine for the free use of the frequenters of the building at all times. At the west end of the room is a large stage equipped with footlights and a screen for moving pictures. The stage is flanked by a lounging room and a bath room. Double doors and a removable partition divide the main assembly room from the social or banquet hall and canteen.

There is a bath room for women and a community kitchen supplied with hot and cold water, as well as all other features of an up-to-date cuisine. In the rear of the canteen are twin stairways leading to chambers for guests or men temporarily out of employment. Returning to the main assembly room I was shown two double-door entrances leading into a big armory that is available for athletics.

One is impressed with the freedom with which the people are using the building and this is specially gratifying when a familiar accusation that the church is undemocratic is recalled. The very shape and furnishings of the building are democratic in their appeal. A man in his everyday working clothes feels at ease when he enters. Yet the building is so artistic in design and interior arrangement that it is in itself an uplift in the community. A very apt description of the hut was given by a Powers woman when she said, "It's nice just to come in and sit down for a spell, even if there's nothing going on."

The hut makes an unmistakable appeal to the elemental in man. Yet a man coming for a bath or something to eat may be led to remain at an entertainment, a lecture, a social or a gospel service. The hut provides a community center in very truth. The building is used for all sorts of occasions. The evening following my visit, the Odd Fellows of the town and vicinity were to hold a banquet there. Every Tuesday night creditable moving pictures are shown. Sunday school workers' conferences, womens' sewing circles, boys' and girls' clubs and other religious and social groups hold their meetings there. A very acceptable function at the hut is the Sunday night meeting which is carried on as a community sing, followed by a religious address by Pastor Reynolds.

"More men are reached in one month in the Sunday night meetings than were ever found in the church in a year," declared Mr. Reynolds. "And, let me add, the effect of the hut upon the church proper is most excellent and is stimulating the Sunday school, the young peoples' society and prayer meeting."





AMERICANS ALL



## I

### \*THE BANDIT'S FLOWER GARDEN

An untamed child of the desert was Indian Jim. Of surpassing physical strength, he feared no man. Intense and self-forgetful when he loved, he was dangerous and vindictive when he felt that he was wronged. Although a native of Sonora, Mexico, the blood of the Navajo predominated in his veins.

In his young manhood Indian Jim met a maiden. She was of pure Spanish blood, dark-eyed, beautiful and bewitching. He loved her. But some declare that she spurned his love, others assert that she proved faithless. At any rate the handsome fellow forsook his native village and took up a life of brigandage with his retreat in the heart of a remote mountain range. He became known on both sides of the border as a raider, hard-riding, reckless and difficult to outwit. In a winter escapade both of his feet were frozen, necessitating the amputation of both legs just below the knees. This misfortune would have deterred a man of weaker will from continuing an employment that demanded action of the most strenuous kind. But not so Indian Jim. His life of adventure and lawlessness ended, when, in an ill-timed raid across the United States border, he ran into a trap laid for him.

The lawyer defending Indian Jim in court made an

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\*The author gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Mrs. Carrie B. Ilsley who furnished the material for this story.

eloquent plea for his client, insisting that it was a physical impossibility for one so handicapped to commit the crimes with which he was charged. Jim listened and then quietly walked behind his attorney, threw him over his broad shoulders and carried him out of the court room. He lost his liberty but vindicated his prowess.

Many years passed since that dramatic scene in the court room. Indian Jim, grown old and gray, and as gentle mannered as a child, became a familiar figure in the prison to which he was sentenced for life. Amenable to discipline and a cripple, he was given as much liberty as it was possible to grant one within high stone walls. It was learned that he loved flowers, so a little patch of ground near the transverse wall separating the main grounds from those of the women's department was given to him as a garden which he could cultivate and call his own. It was called "Jim's ranch" by the prison inmates.

The old man had no relatives, and if ever he had friends they seemed to have forgotten him. With never a visitor, never a message from the outer world with all its new and wonderful activities, except that which the constant procession of convicts furnished, Jim lost all count of the years.

But there came the dawn of a new day. A stranger took up his residence in the city where the prison was located. The genial spirit of the man took him into paths that often led to helpfulness. He shunned no dark corner that could be brightened by his coming. So in time he became a frequent visitor at the prison. And he never passed by Jim without giving him a kind greeting;

nor did he fail to stop a moment to admire the beautiful things which Jim cultivated in his garden.

"And how is my friend today?" the stranger invariably said when he met Indian Jim.

In time he became known as "Jim's friend." And the ex-bandit came to know that the most beautiful thing in all the world is friendship. Even the flowers which had been the only objects of his love were not more radiant than the thing which had taken root in his heart; perhaps they were all the more beautiful in his eyes because of that wonderful new joy in his life. His semi-pagan soul warmed to that of the white man as does that of a child toward a teacher who has opened for him new doors of knowledge.

Friendship. What a power lay in that word! Friendship's mystic wand hovered above his cell on dark days when rheumatism kept him under shelter, while he wrought skilfully with beads and horse hair the designs for presents to be given one who would accept and appreciate them. It was sheer joy to labor for a friend.

Over the flower garden hung the spell of this new joy. "He is my friend," he told the growing things that received the caress of his gentle hands.

And how like the sunshine over his native hills in the early morning did the new force in his life grow and expand. Into that wonderful world of friendship entered the wife of his friend and, laughing and chattering, came the children—all his friends. There came women who assisted the wife of his friend in bringing the cheerful message of friendship to the unfortunate women on the other side of the wall, and when they returned from the women's ward they always found Jim waiting for

them with little gayly colored, tightly wrapped bouquets, one for each person in the company.

If the rain overtook him, or the evening bell called him in before the return of the visitors, the tower guard was instructed to take charge of the flowers, and present them to the women when they passed along.

Christmas and other festive days came to have a new meaning for Indian Jim. When he carried "home" to his cell, holiday packages of good things which his friends gave him he did so with all the anticipation of a happy boy. The chaplain saw him one day as he sat at his cell door with a little basket of fresh fruit before him which his friend had brought. The gray head was bent reverently, the brown palms were moving above the gift as in benediction, and the Indian was saying, over and over, "He's my friend; he's my friend."

There came a day when the friend had to bid Jim good-bye, as he was moving to another state. But many a letter passed between the two, and Jim's missives, couched in a vernacular peculiarly his own, were always full of assurances that he was trying to be a good man by obeying God and seeking to pass on to his Mexican associates the kindnesses he had received.

After three years of absence the friend planned a visit to Jim and a letter to that effect was accordingly dispatched.

In a delirium of joy Jim passed the succeeding days. Every passer-by on the path before his flower garden would find him with the letter in his hand; waving it exultantly, he would cry: "My friend is coming to see me!"

Early on the appointed morning Jim took his post



under the tree overhanging the irrigating ditch which skirted his garden. His sombrero was ornamented with a new, bright red string-tie, while about his swarthy neck and concealing the collar of his faded, striped jacket, a scarlet 'kerchief was loosely folded. The precious letter was still in his pocket and beside it, something more precious still, a present for his friend—a watch chain of heavy silver links, exquisitely engraved and decorated with abalone shell.

Jim could see the long white trail winding all the way to the outer gate and he kept his eyes steadfastly upon it. The sun mounted high in the heavens while he waited. He questioned many as to whether they had seen his expected guest, but none had. Noon passed, and still no word. The Indian, his watch in his hand, hobbled on his stumps of legs back and forth beside the waters of the ditch, while the sun, like a ball of yellow fire, began to drop behind the hills. It was nearing time for the evening count, and the prisoner must be in his cell. Would the friend come? Never had he failed him.

Painters and poets seek to portray with brush or pen the supreme moment in the life of an individual. Some artist would have discovered riches could he have seen the rapture in that poor old Indian's face when he heard the gate click and saw the figure he loved so well come down the path to meet him. Shuffling forward as fast as his clumsy stumps could carry him, he uttered a hoarse, almost inarticulate cry. Tears filled the eyes of those who witnessed the old man's joy and the testimony of his affection as he brought forth his love offering and laid it in the hands of his friend.

The shadows are lengthening about Indian Jim's life.

It will not be long before he must go to yonder hill, the potter's field. And when he comes anxiously with halting tread, to the dark river, bearing with him his one sheaf, a grateful heart, who will say that he shall not find coming to meet him and to count him among His own, that other Friend, whom he loves and yet knows so imperfectly, knows only as interpreted through the medium of human kindness?

It is for Christian America to decide whether the spirit of gratitude and self-sacrifice of these new-comers, shall become our national asset, or whether their superstitions, their misunderstandings and opposition shall become our liability.

## II

### A NEW DAWN OF PROGRESS FOR LATIN-AMERICANS

Illiteracy, poverty, and superstition are the black clouds that enshroud Central America. But descriptive of the new day that surely will come were the words of an old bed-ridden woman whose neighbors came in every night to light the candles about her bed to keep away the evil spirits. On the night of her conversion she said: "No, no, I have no need for candles now. I have the Sun in my heart."

The above incident is illustrative also of the methods of the Roman Catholic missionaries who came to Central America with the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors and whose zeal outran their wisdom. Christian ordinances were grafted upon paganism with pitiable results. In this land evangelical religious education must begin with first principles.

When our own Rev. A. B. De Roos, missionary among Spanish-speaking people, first went to Nicaragua, there was scarcely an avowed evangelical Christian in that whole country. When he left it there were several strong congregations with church buildings and groups of believers in many towns and villages. Those pioneer days were days of severe persecution. The priests would attack Mr. De Roos on the streets and in hotels and in railroad cars. They burned on public dumping grounds the Bibles he distributed; they excommunicated him pub-

liely in every town he entered, urging the people to curse and stone him. For three long years he never walked the streets in safety. It was almost a miracle that none of the vicious attacks made upon him resulted in his death. Seldom did he preach a gospel sermon but that the mob would throw stones, or come with revolvers and knives and threaten to take his life.

In 1830 a colporter employed by the American Bible Society traveled from the coast to Quito, the capital of Ecuador, and thence along the Andes toward Bogota, the capital of Colombia. But he was never heard from after he left Ecuador. It is supposed that he met an untimely end in some lonely spot in the southern part of Colombia.

After the lapse of more than seventy-five years, a young man scarcely past twenty-one, employed as a colporter by the American Bible Society, followed as far as possible the trail of the first colporter. At Pelileo, Ecuador, this American youth was halted in the public square by a Catholic priest who demanded to be shown one of the Bibles the colporter was offering for sale. Angrily the priest threw down a dollar for the book.

"What do you intend to do with it?" asked the colporter.

"I shall burn it in the plaza that all may know that you are an enemy of the faith," declared the priest.

"I cannot sell you a Bible, then," said the young man positively.

The priest insisted and by his loud talking attracted a crowd of natives about him. He was inciting them to mob violence when a young Ecuadorian stepped out from the crowd, spoke a word in favor of the stranger,

and walked away with him. He gave the colporter a list of the names of the liberal people of the town who might be induced to purchase Bibles.

“Why did you protect me?” asked the colporter in gratitude.

“We have a Bible in our home,” was the reply.

Later the colporter saw this Bible. It bore the imprint of the American Bible Society, dated 1825. It was without doubt one of the Bibles distributed by the first colporter to enter Ecuador seventy-five years before. The colporter found two of them in his travels, and in both instances the owners of the Scriptures were not suspicious of him, nor could they be intimidated by the priests.

The colporter who made this tour for the American Bible Society is now the superintendent of the Department of Latin North America of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. His name is Rev. C. S. Detweiler.

Not long ago Secretary L. C. Barnes, who early saw our opportunity in Latin-America, Mr. Detweiler and Dr. C. D. Gray, went on an important mission to the Central American republics in behalf of the two Home Mission Societies. They attended the Interdenominational Regional Conference at Guatemala City, where large plans were laid for the evangelization of Latin-America. It is significant that Christian education was a question that occupied the foreground every session of the five-day conference program.

“Shall the children of Baptist church-members in Central America attend schools where the teaching of Roman Catholicism is compulsory, or shall we provide a Christian education for them?”

We are reminded that Baptists have responsibility for evangelizing the three republics in Central America—El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Honduras. The good beginning that has been made in El Salvador and Nicaragua augurs well for a realization of the trust that has been committed to us. There is a tremendous lack of educational facilities for children in the three republics just named. But even if there were better facilities in the public schools, it is next to impossible for the boys and girls of our church-members to attend these schools because of the ridicule and persecution by the Catholic children, letting alone the fact that Protestant children are compelled to submit to the teaching of Roman Catholicism.

It is a joy to hear of the great things that are taking place: normal and theological schools at Santa Ana in El Salvador, and Managua in Nicaragua, a meeting house designed in every way to meet the needs in San Salvador and hospitals and parsonages in other places—joint plans of the two Home Mission Societies. And best of all the sailing of the missionaries to these needy fields—splendid gifts for the building of the Kingdom; gifts of life that beautify and make dynamic the monetary gifts of the devoted Christian people interested in the establishment of Baptist missions in Latin-America as elsewhere.

### III

## WHEN ENRIQUE MOLINA CAME RIDING DOWN THE TRAIL

In a remote section of eastern Cuba, Rev. A. B. Howell, one of our missionaries, entered a district where little could be offered him in the way of living accommodations. One of the farmers offered him shelter in a room covered by a thatched roof and fenced in, on two sides only, by palm branches to keep the wind from blowing out the fire; in the center of the room was a large stone fireplace. At night his bed was a hammock hung from one pole to another that helped to support the roof. In the same room roosted the chickens, and beneath him prowled a pack of mangy dogs. After five nights spent in more or less wakefulness the missionary began to wonder whether or not the Lord, after all, had meant that he should accept the urgent invitation of the natives to hold gospel meetings in that desolate region.

One Saturday night a young Cuban school teacher, from further up in the mountains, riding down the trail, heard some people singing in a little school-house. Wondering what was going on at that hour of the evening, he tied his bridle reins to a tree and went in.

Our missionary was telling the story of Christ's death on the Cross just as he would have told it to a group of Sunday school children in the States. Presently he noticed that the handsome young man who had stepped into the room rather late, was weeping. After the meet-



ing, he spoke to him and found that Christ had won his heart. A little later this young man was baptized, and gave himself completely to Christian work, still continuing as a school teacher. As he taught he studied and passed his examinations with high honors in the University of Havana. After a time he was appointed by the Cuban Government as district inspector of schools. Later he became head of the normal department, directing the training of all the native teachers of the Eastern Province of Cuba.

While this young man did not enter the employ of any church or mission, yet in the great work of preparing teachers, the principles of the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ were emphasized by him as much as anything else. No other man in Cuba, perhaps, has had a greater opportunity to make his life count in the making of a true republic than has had Dr. Enrique Molina. He is a member of the Baptist church at Santiago, and is the superintendent of the Sunday school. He married one of the native pastor's daughters, a beautiful Spanish girl. He is in line for high political and social honors in the disposition of his countrymen. Mr. Howell little thought when he was experiencing the discomforts in those eastern mountains, why God had sent him there.

One of the outstanding characteristics of our converts in Cuba, which has been a great help in carrying our work to such a successful end, is that they become evangelists as soon as they are converted. In this respect we can almost see the fulfilling of the words in the Acts of the Apostles; men go everywhere telling the story, and everywhere they go, groups of believers are formed, and we are constantly taxed to keep up with the work of the Christians themselves.

## IV

### LITTLE STORIES OF KINGDOM BUILDING

#### A MODERN AUGUSTINE

A straight, level road lay ahead of us, the last leg of the journey by auto from Pueblo to Rocky Ford, Colo. The driver was Rev. W. G. Hooper, colporter-missionary for southeastern Colorado. The old Ford was about to show what it could do on a good road when we met a man with head bowed over an open book.

"That's Rodrigues," said Mr. Hooper. "He is going out to a Mexican settlement to make pastoral calls. Shall we turn around and give him a lift?"

"Yes, by all means," I agreed. "He is just the man I wanted to see."

By this time the machine was coming to a stop. Soon we were going in the opposite direction with Rev. Juan Rodrigues as a passenger. At a Mexican settlement on one of the huge ranches of a beet sugar company we stopped long enough to take a few photographs, the Protestant Mexican women consenting to be "shot" while the pastor was chatting with them. What some of these immigrants thought of Rodrigues I have no way of telling. He is a converted priest. In their minds he may be the ultimate paradox. Some day they may change their minds, for as a minister, he steadily is winning a place for himself among the Mexican people on his field. Just now, in addition to his other duties, he is working hard to learn English. If you were at the 1919 Colorado

Baptist Convention you will recall that he spoke in Spanish while a young Mexican missionary acted as interpreter. His utilization of the time for study even as he walks along country roads is an indication that it will not be long before Rodrigues will have mastered the English language.

A few years ago Juan Rodrigues was on his way to sing a mass in a cathedral in Mexico City, when a voice arrested him.

"Why don't you leave your errors?"

Rodrigues turned and saw a little Indian woman sweeping out a Protestant mission.

"What errors?" asked the priest.

For answer the woman quoted this verse of Scripture. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

In speaking of his conversion afterward, Rodrigues compared his experience to that of Augustine.

"Everywhere I sought the light—in every philosophy and in every creed—but finally found it in Christianity as it was revealed to me in a verse of Scripture given to me by a humble peasant woman."

#### THE HERO OF SEVILLE

Most of us do not know how much we are willing to suffer for the sake of the truth because our faith is seldom put to a crucial test.

Antonio Jimenez, born in Porto Rico, educated and converted in Spain, is now pastor of the Mexican Mission in Pueblo, Colorado. He interpreted for the Colorado State Convention Rev. Rodrigues' story related above.

As a youth he was an active disciple of the Protestant faith in Spain, and in company with another missionary was grievously persecuted on more than one occasion. A beautiful expression of Baptist generosity was the action of the Colorado Baptist State Convention in raising on the convention floor the money required to purchase transportation for Mrs. Jimenez from Spain to America.

An English missionary named Carey Brenton and Antonio Jimenez were holding street meetings in Pueblo Cassalla, Sevilla Province, Spain, when the police jailed them. When taken before the magistrate they were banished from town and told not to return under penalty. Before their arrest they had been stoned by mobs and beaten with clubs. What might befall them should they continue preaching they did not know.

“We are sent by God to this place and we will not promise to remain away,” they declared. “So you had better do at once what you intend to do.”

They were expelled from town and at the city limits they slept under a tree and when hungry plucked wheat which was then in the milk. Occasionally food was brought to them by a few men who had been converted. Finally they decided to enter the city and again preach the gospel. The first policeman they met put them in jail where they remained two months. When they were taken before the judge they were again commanded not to preach. But there was nothing in law to stop them. They secured a dwelling house where meetings were held daily.

One day a priest held a public service in front of the missionaries' home. Antonio Jimenez was asked by the

priest to kneel but he refused. When the priest insisted Antonio started to make his way through the crowd toward his home. Suddenly a person shouted, "Un toro viene" (a bull comes)!

Nearby were the yards of a famous bull-fighter. There was a panic. Even those who were assisting the priest dropped their crucifixes, lanterns and idols and ran. One large idol carried by four men was smashed against the corner of a building. Again Antonio was arrested.

In court it was charged that Antonio had given the false alarm concerning a bull running at large. He was sentenced to the penitentiary in Seville but a group of socialists appeared before the judge and protested, testifying as to what actually had taken place. After two months in jail Antonio was sent under guard to a court of appeals. The judge dismissed the case and Antonio returned to Pueblo Cassalla with the soldiers who had composed the guard. Within a few weeks Antonio's British companion immersed one hundred men and women and organized an independent church which was Baptist in spirit and practice if not in name. A great pile of rosaries and relics was burned as a public declaration of their final break with Romanism.

#### ON THE BACK-BONE OF THE ROCKIES

The conductor of the passenger train that left Alamosa on the narrow-gauge told me that there might be a wait of ten minutes at Antonito. All the way from Pueblo we had been climbing the back bone of the Rockies whose very summit would be reached at Cumbres Pass beyond Antonito.

Antonito was especially interesting to me because

it was the home of Rev. John G. Jeantet who recently has been secured jointly by the American Baptist Publication Society and the American Baptist Home Mission Society to work among the Mexicans in Colorado. His field will be almost an unlimited one. He is a fine type of the American-born Mexican, a real patriot and a broad-minded Christian. He has been a successful publisher of a Mexican paper and will leave his printing press for the missionary work.

At the depot there was a crowd of Mexicans among whom Mr. Jeantet seemed to be on exceedingly cordial terms. He has a standing among his people which will count in Kingdom building in this remote mountain region where the population is predominatingly Mexican.

Looking toward the principal square we saw several old-time canvas-covered wagons which were reminiscent of the pioneer conditions that once prevailed, while in the foreground were the automobiles which had a story of modern progress to tell. But gasoline cannot do all the work. Back on many of the mountain trails the wagon and a team of good mules still rule favorites.

#### BRAVED A SNOW STORM AND WON A COMMUNITY

It was in October and Colorado had just had its first snow of the winter season. The glories of that ride will remain forever fresh in memory. Up and up to the top of the world we climbed until we reached the snow that lay in drifts many feet deep. The trains ahead of us had been stalled in Cumbres Pass sixty hours, and while the track had been cleared for us we were, however, having troubles of our own on account of a train load of



sheep and cattle that had been ditched at Pagosa Springs. At Chama, a shipping point for a wide sweep of mountain range, we were held up half a day.

From Alamosa to Durango, Colorado, it is ordinarily an all day's ride on the winding narrow-gauge railroad, but it was past midnight before our much delayed little passenger train reached the metropolis of the Animas Valley.

Abundant crops of fruit and alfalfa have made the farmers in Animas Valley prosperous. In the fall the cattle are driven out of the mountains to fatten on the rich feed in the valley. Land is held at almost fabulous prices. Protected by the hills from the cold northern blasts, the winters here are seldom severe, yet the snow will sometimes block the roads for several days.

One day last winter, at the end of an unusually heavy fall of snow, Rev. J. S. Umberger, our missionary pastor at Durango, was asked to conduct a funeral at a home twenty miles up the valley. He started out in an automobile which he was obliged to abandon a short distance up the valley and use a cutter. Several miles further up the valley the cutter was given up for a bob-sleigh and before the house was reached the bob-sleigh had to be abandoned on account of the deep snow and the way made on foot. But the funeral service was held, the minister preaching a genuine evangelistic sermon.

A few days later a committee representing the community called upon Rev. Umberger and told him that the town hall was at his disposal for religious services. He has been holding preaching services there ever since. He found in the community a man who had rendered invaluable service as a Sunday school superintendent,



leader of music and organizer of the religious forces of the valley. This ranchman believes that alfalfa and cattle alone cannot make a community rich. I met him the day Mr. Umberger took me in his Ford up the Animas Valley. One individual of his attainments and moral stamina in a rural community is of inestimable worth. All honor to him and men like him! May God multiply their numbers in the remote districts touched by our missionaries.

#### JUST BENJAMIN

“Just Benjamin takes care of me.”

The little Mexican boy was quite positive about it. He had strayed into the Mexican day school conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Troyer, two of our Baptist missionaries in southern California, and said that he wanted to learn American lessons. He could not remember his father and mother. His brother Benjamin took care of him and his younger brother. Yes, Benjamin earned all the money and cooked all the meals.

When Mr. and Mrs. Troyer visited the little fellow's home they found Benjamin there, a timid Mexican youth who would answer scarcely a question about himself. Evidently he was doing all he could to keep up the house for his brothers. A chair or two, and a few boxes to sit on, and in one corner a board fastened to the wall to serve as a dining table were the only pieces of furniture. And Benjamin did not want strangers to see the bareness of it all. He did his best to make the missionaries understand that they were not wanted there.

However, the missionaries were deaf to all of Benjamin's rebuffs and visited the home again and again.

Sometimes the little brothers told them that Benjamin was not in when the visitors very plainly could see him through the tiny opening in the door; or on other occasions they saw him rushing out the back door and down hill to avoid meeting his persistent callers.

After a dozen failures to gain another interview with Benjamin, the missionaries one Sunday morning were surprised to see the boy at the mission. Jesus touched his heart that day and he went away a new man. He was the first Mexican young man baptized by Mr. Troyer in southern California. His conversion made a wonderful difference in his life. He was satisfied no longer with his surroundings and confided to the missionary his ambitions. He said he believed his people could make faster progress with the help of the Saviour and that they, too, could become worthy citizens.

Benjamin laid great plans, yet he realized that to make all the desired changes in his life and home, he needed study and employment. Indeed, the converted Mexicans are wonderful that way. They seem to think of study and employment as soon as they accept Jesus as their only Mediator and Friend.

“Please get me a job,” said Benjamin.

For once the missionary was completely stumped. It was her first experience as an employment agent. How could she go about it? Her first thought was to get in touch with a regular employment agency. Then she decided to do a little first-hand soliciting. The first man she interviewed in Benjamin's behalf was the proprietor of a number of large cafeterias. He told her that he had no place for a young Mexican.

"But you will find Benjamin a different sort of Mexican than those with whom you may have had dealings," said Mrs. Troyer.

"I am not so sure about that."

"A wonderful thing has happened to Benjamin," went on the missionary bravely. "I must find him work so that he can carry out his splendid plans. I believe that God is going to use you in some way in His plans for Benjamin."

For a moment the business man looked doubtful. Then a smile lighted up his face. "Mrs. Troyer," he said, "perhaps you're right. Benjamin can have employment here. Tell him to call in the morning."

The young man began by washing dishes. Within six months he was one of the buyers for his employer's entire string of restaurants. He moved with his brothers from the little shack into a cozy home and steadily rose in power. He became the superintendent of the Sunday school organized as a result of the day school and soon began to help open up other stations. He applied himself to Bible study and learned long passages by heart.

After several years of practical work he went away to the Louisville Seminary for further study and today he is pastor of a progressive Mexican Baptist Church in southern California, a living witness of the wonderful change that can take place in the life of a Mexican when he accepts the Saviour. There are years of service ahead of him during which we will duplicate his splendid life over and over again as others of his race become transformed through his ministry.

[ A Photographed Letter from a Full-Blooded Indian Missionary ]

## THE NEW WORLD MOVEMENT

Brother Eld. Galt.

May 17-1920

Rev. G. W. Brinstad.

Dear brother.

If I only see you, and tell you myself.  
How the great Spirit of God working in  
the hearts of our Christian Indians. in  
Nipinnawasee Church. eighteen members  
pledge \$ 1444 00 None of them  
have any money a head. their only  
means of support is their labor. About  
three months in the winter. some of them  
they chop wood. and also working. in  
the fruit. about ten weeks. all our people  
are glad to help. this great work. and  
to give. what they spare money. in  
the campaign. three Indian girls. in  
Nipinnawasee. Church. two of them. one  
hundred dollars. each for four years.  
And one of them one hundred and sixty  
dollars. for four years.

This is something. that I can not tell  
 About it. the girl one of them. 14 years old.  
 And two of them. 15 years old. Mrs. Jim Roan.  
 She only hath one hand. and she will  
 give one Hundred dollars. in four years.  
 Jim Roan. Trustee in Opeimawasei Church.  
 Just before the people come and tell me.  
 How much they will give for four years.  
 He said. once we was lost in sin. Jesus  
 Loved us. He give us. the light. and  
 His word. and the Church house. we  
 All feel good about it. he speak and tell  
 All the People to help. and give the money.  
 When they work. on the fruit. said  
 Jim Roan. I will give one Hundred Dollars.  
 myself. said Jim Roan. Please brother  
 If there is any mistake how we write  
 on these Cards. kindly make it right  
 For us. I copy all the names of the  
 Indians. and the amount. four years.  
 myself. and my wife. we with them

Sincerely yours, Rev. Alfred Lord.

(This is Neas-je-gar-gath. Read his story:

"SUNRISE FOR THE MONO.")

## THE PASTOR OF A COUNTY

Lake City, in the heart of the Colorado Rockies, had been pastorless more than a year. For twelve months the entire County of Hinsdale had been without a man of God to call to worship, to comfort the sick and dying, to bury men's dead out of their sight. That in itself appealed to Rev. and Mrs. M. B. Milne, as did the general conditions on the field.

The other day a man came down out of the snows of the great divide. His home is 10,000 feet above the sea—about a mile higher than Denver. Without neighbors he and his family had spent the long winter, the wife seeing no woman, the children no playmates. He came to pilot the missionary's daughter over the divide where she was to teach school and conduct a Sunday school, for in the late spring, families went up into the mountains for the summer with their flocks and herds.

The missionary and his wife rode their ponies twenty miles (round trip) to call on the one remaining family of a once populous mining camp. The wife said she sometimes got so lonesome she would climb to the little cemetery and sit among the graves of friends of other days to get some sense of companionship there. The pathos of it wrenched the hearts of the missionaries.

A girl of fifteen, born in the county, told the daughter of the missionaries, then her teacher, that she had never seen a rose other than the little wild rose of the hillside. Within a week she held to her face in ecstasy a beautiful rose imported from a distant greenhouse.

A little girl, old enough to attend school, stood before the missionary at a country preaching station, and





THE MANUAL TRAINING CLASS IS ONE OF THE MANY ACTIVITIES IN OUR  
CHRISTIAN CENTERS





looked at him with curious awe. Never before had she seen a preacher. The missionary thought he detected disappointment on her face as she looked, and discovered that a preacher was a man of like nature with the miners she had known.

A man brought a maid to Lake City as his bride. After the wedding she attended church and heard her first sermon.

Hinsdale County may well be called the Switzerland of America, and but for its isolation, would swarm with tourists. The area is about 1,300 square miles and the population approximates 600. Lake City, county seat and only town, has 320 souls. New milling methods and the rise in silver promise to bring the county, with its inexhaustible stores of low grade ores, into prominence. It is a typical rural missionary field among many in great sections of the West.

After establishing the usual church activities, the missionaries began to branch out. They saw the need of a Christian center in a polyglot community.

The second-floor front of the best business block in the very heart of the town, was vacant. Here were established the Hinsdale religious headquarters: Room 1, general office and printery; Room 2, pastor's study; Room 3, library and reading room, the last named, rent free. This room the townspeople furnished from their own homes. They donated about 500 books, and nearly sixty periodicals. The interest was remarkable. One miner starting to town, eighteen miles through deep snow, put six of his choicest books into his pack as a gift to the library. Books are loaned to the miners and ranchmen, as well as to the townspeople. And the

periodicals, after use at the rooms, are passed on to the outlying places. There has been established a summer branch at Lake San Cristobal for the people there, and the tourists, who come in greater numbers each year.

The county clerk, formerly an instructor in an eastern business college, conducts penmanship classes at the community center with a total enrollment of fifty-seven. He has promised to teach a class in shorthand, all free. One young man comes four miles to an evening class, eight miles round trip. Only once did he ride. This young man won first place at the close of the course.

The boy life of the town has been self-directed with the inevitable result. The station agent, teacher of the boys' class in the Sunday school, organized the Scouts, and a transformation followed. They are wisely instructed in personal hygiene by the town physician, himself a father. A business man supplies the cloth, the Ladies' Aid does the rest, and the Scouts are given flags 5x8 feet to be raised on the numerous peaks that tower above the town. The endurance required to reach these peaks on their hikes calls for moral as well as physical strength.

Two of the public school teachers organized the Camp Fire Girls and the Blue Birds. The smaller boys have been brought together in an organization with high moral standards called the Lake City Indians.

A graduate of the Denver Conservatory of Music directs the church and community music. A fine chorus, a male sextet, a ladies' quartet and a small orchestra are available for religious services.

While some of these organizations are not, and cannot be, under direct church control, by consent they are all co-ordinated in the general community life which heads up at the community center. And every boy and girl seems to have the community consciousness somewhat developed. But what of the more spiritual things?

The Sunday school has doubled in enrollment, and more than doubled in average attendance, without contests or other abnormal methods. The pastor has a lecture class with an average attendance of thirty-five, in which he presents an adaptation of the Student Volunteer courses.

The Young People's Society averages more than twenty-five in the Sunday evening service, after which all attend the evening preaching service. This service is held in a theater on Main street. Enough people attend regularly to fill any two churches in town. The mid-week prayer meetings are well attended.

Throughout the county Home Department literature is distributed, and in summer there are preaching stations, one of them requiring a fifty-mile horseback ride, round trip. Occasionally outdoor services are held where the tourists camp.

A big armory that had been used chiefly for dances, has been turned into a gymnasium where the Boy Scouts find a more legitimate outlet for their energies than in the vandalism of other days. Here the young men avail themselves of gymnasium privileges, and the business men have organized basket ball and indoor baseball clubs. By this program the different ages are

brought together in a new spirit of understanding and friendship.

The Parent-Teachers' Association with the encouragement of the Board of Education, of which the pastor is secretary, tends to develop the sympathy and co-operation among all interested in the public school life that have been sadly lacking. The association fostered a winter course of entertainments. In this plan members of the State Normal faculty participated.

Representatives of the State Agricultural College have promised an institute for the benefit of the county ranchmen and cattlemen. A like courtesy of the School of Mines for the miners is anticipated.

An ideal garden plot has been leased, and the Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls have planned a garden contest, in which they will be directed by skilled gardeners. This activity was inaugurated to train the young people in practical gardening, and demonstration work. In some high altitudes people are inclined to neglect an important means of table support.

And now comes this challenge straight from the heart of the missionary:

"Young men with initiative, get into this sort of work; and you old boys, yes, you who are heart-sick with the competitive pastorates of over-churched towns—break away from it all! Make your own big place close to nature's heart; renew your youth, and do the monumental work of your lives after 50.

"Will the people receive you?

"Gladly! You never knew appreciation like unto the appreciation of these great hearts in the frontier places. And co-operation?—I have never asked a serv-

ice, I have never asked funds of these people without a cordial response.

“But what of a livelihood?

“I came to Lake City with an assured salary of \$34 a month and parsonage. In spite of closed mines throughout the first winter, in spite of the many responses to war appeals, in spite of the five months’ quarantine when we had no collections, the people have never failed to pay \$50 each month. This besides the liberal support of our missionary societies. And now that the new program throws an added burden upon the Baptist State Convention, our people are ready to get under the load and relieve the societies of a large part if not all of the financial responsibilities they have assumed in behalf of this field. Hinsdale County will take care of us, paying a salary considerably larger than that received thus far from the combined local and missionary treasuries.”

## V

### A VOICE ON THE ISONZO

In front of a house in the Italian quarter of a certain Connecticut town three men were quarreling. Their violent gestures and loud angry voices indicated that they were approaching hostilities of a serious character. A young man, sturdy, ruddy-faced, and with a friendly smile upon his lips approached the men and exhorted them not to fight.

“Why do you interfere with our business?” asked one of the Italians gruffly.

The young man told them that he was a humble soldier of the Cross and in a gentle, winsome way began to tell them of the love of his Master, of His sufferings, of His sorrows for mankind. The men stopped their quarreling and became very attentive to the message of salvation. While the young man continued his impromptu discourse an old man, who had been chopping wood in his yard, and who had been listening to the speaker, paused in his work and approached the group. The Italians who had ceased their quarreling at the request of the young peace-maker, thanked the latter heartily for his friendly interference and passed on. But the old Calabrese was belligerent. He would not shake hands with the young man, and, when the latter approached him, spoke to him out of the depths of his wrath.

“I know who you are!” he said. “You are a Protestant minister and as such you are a devil to me. Do



not approach this house again or I will chop your head off with this ax." Saying this he cursed the young man and left him.

Two weeks later this young Italian minister, Roland Giuffrieda, called at the home of the old man from southern Italy. He found him chopping wood in his yard. Courteously he inquired concerning the whereabouts of the three men who had quarreled on that previous day. The missionary, to show his respect for the rough, illiterate old man, took off his hat and waited for a reply. The aged Calabrese looked at the missionary intently for a moment without speaking. That a struggle was going on in his soul was revealed by the fierce glitter of his eyes and the twitching of his lips. Roland Giuffrieda thought that the old man was on the point of carrying out his threat. But he did no violence. As he gazed into the young man's eyes he allowed the ax to fall from his hands.

"I do not think you are a devil," he muttered.

"Who told you that I was a devil?" asked the missionary.

"The priest."

Then, as it was his custom to preach whenever an opportunity presented itself, Roland Giuffrieda began to evangelize the old wood chopper. He told the story of the gospel of salvation. While he spoke his audience increased in size. The wife and children of the old Italian and many of his neighbors came out of doors and surrounded the speaker. When Giuffrieda ceased speaking he saw the old man shedding tears. Then the latter stooped, picked up his ax and flung it far from him and drew near to the young man. In accordance with the old

Italian custom, when a person wants to show unmistakable respect for another, he kissed Giuffrieda's hand in spite of the latter's vehement protest not to do this act.

And now, should you visit the Italian Baptist Church in this certain town in Connecticut, you will find the old Calabrese one of its true and strong columns of support. Every member of his family has been brought to Christ and more than twenty persons who are relatives of this same old Italian are members of the church in which he is one of the deacons.

Roland Giuffrieda, one of the missionaries employed by the Home Mission Society to work among his Italian countrymen in America, believes in carrying the gospel to the people where they are. He is continually doing the task "just around the corner." Perhaps the manner in which he was brought into the service of his Saviour accounts for his practical, winsome, every-day ministry.

Let us go back into the years a little distance where we may find this young man employed as an interpreter in the public library of Washington, D. C. Intelligent, brilliant, conversant with the duties of his office, always ready to accommodate, he made not a few friends. A gentleman he often met in the library was the Rev. H. T. Stevenson, pastor of the Bethany Baptist Church of Washington, D. C. One day this minister engaged the young man in conversation. He asked him his nationality, and when he discovered that he was an Italian, spoke appreciatively of the literature and the beauties of Italy. This conversation led to others and one day the pastor invited the young interpreter to his services. The following Sunday found him as a member of the

congregation of Bethany Church, and as long as he remained in the Capital he missed but few of the services of this church. He had been a free-thinker, a graduate of a national school in Foggia, Italy. Under Mr. Stevenson's ministry he was converted and baptized. He was encouraged by his pastor to enter the Italian branch of Colgate Seminary, where he received his training for the gospel ministry under Dean Mangano's guidance.

While Giuffrieda was pastor of the Italian Baptist Church of Meriden, Connecticut, war was declared by Italy against Austria. Answering the call of his country in the hour of her need, it was early in 1917 that he went to the front with a lieutenant's commission in a company of engineers. During the long bitter struggle he served most efficiently, and is now once more in America, commissioned as a field evangelist by the American Baptist Home Mission Society.

It was the 20th of August, 1917. Above the long irregular lines of trenches of the Italian sharp-shooters and alpins, rose the high mountains of the Alps capped with the whiteness of eternal snows. For two days and two nights no man had closed an eye, so dreadful had been the fighting. Above the Italians was the enemy well-entrenched and with superior numbers. After the barrage fire of many hours by the Italian heavy artillery, parts of the 4th and 29th Divisions together with the 122nd Infantry left the half-destroyed trenches and went bravely to the assault up the mountainside. After three hours of continuous fighting the Austrian position was captured. But at what a dreadful price! When the Italians left the trenches there were 50,000 of them;

when they reached the enemy's position there were only 15,000 of them. What remained of that splendid fighting force lay on the snow dead and dying.

When the battle was over, Lieutenant Roland Giuffrieda went from one place to another to render help and spiritual consolation to the wounded. Among the dying he found a dear friend of his, a sergeant, who, for six months had been a comrade in the same tent on the battlefields of Italy. A dear chap he was, about 22 years of age. Like Lieutenant Giuffrieda, when Italy was drawn into the world conflict, he was quick to leave America to fight for liberty, democracy and civilization. His home was in New Britain, Connecticut.

As Lieutenant Giuffrieda looked down upon the helpless form of the young soldier, there flashed upon his memory a picture of him as he appeared a few weeks before. How enthusiastic, how very much alive he was at the close of an address which the lieutenant had delivered while the enemy's fire was silent and the troops were enjoying a brief rest! Lieutenant Giuffrieda had told his comrades of the heroism of the American soldiers who had been early to enlist in the armies of the nations fighting a common enemy. The lieutenant remembered that this youth, Ernest Defalco, had cheered with all his might together with the other Italian soldiers, while the officers, with unsheathed swords, saluted with great honor and respect the little American flag which Giuffrieda always carried with him and which he exhibited whenever he had occasion to speak of his adopted land.

The lieutenant knelt beside the dying sergeant, touched his hand which laid in a pool of blood, and spoke to him.

The youth opened his blue eyes and recognized the officer.

“Lieutenant,” he said, with a feeble voice, “please open my vest. There you will find some pictures of my dear ones who are living in America. I wish you would take them to New Britain, Connecticut, when you go back. They got me at last.”

With trembling hands the lieutenant unbuttoned the sergeant’s vest. What he saw through tear-dimmed eyes brought an exclamation to his lips. He beheld two flags imprinted upon the bosom of the youth’s shirt which was soaked with blood flowing from four bullet wounds in the chest. The flags he saw entwined were the flags of America and of Italy. Noticing that the officer was shedding tears, the young man said :

“Officer, don’t weep for me. I am glad that I am giving my life for this great cause.” Then he added : “Minister, pray for me and pray especially for my loved ones.”

Lieutenant Giuffrieda did pray and when he arose he saw a little smile upon the very white lips of the youth.

“Thank you,” said the dying soldier. “When you get back to America salute that noble land for me. Good-bye.”

It goes without saying that all of the last wishes of this young soldier, who was devoted to two countries, have been faithfully fulfilled. His dear ones in Connecticut are in possession of the photographs, as well as the belt which the sergeant wore on the battlefields.

At the close of a certain autumn day the 65th Company of the 1st Italian Engineers returned to their dugouts

after many hours of hard work constructing first line trenches. Between the Italian position and that of the enemy, which was formidably entrenched high up in the mountains, ran the impetuous Isonzo River. To the north were the forest covered mountains of the Bainsizza Range. Beyond the Isonzo, to the west, lay the city of Canale, utterly destroyed by artillery fire. To the east were the high peaks of the Monte Santo Range, scarred by the incessant firing of the enemy. Italy had lost one hundred thousand of her best children in heroic endeavors to capture the position. Toward the south were the red, sullen stretches of the dreadful Carso plains where there was hardly a spot which had not been upturned by shell-fire and soaked by Italian blood.

After supper, while the other officers of the company were still at the table passing the time in the best way they could, Lieutenant Giuffrieda preferred to be alone. It was his custom, immediately at the close of the meal, to bid his fellow officers "Good evening," and stroll out to some secluded spot beneath a sheltering rock or tree to read the Bible, which he always carried with him, and kneel for prayer. One evening, while he was praying, the captain of his company suddenly came upon him, and seeing that he was praying, smiled ironically, and said:

"Officer Giuffrieda, do you find any comfort in reading that book and praying?"

"Certainly, Captain," answered the lieutenant, "I cannot live without it. It gives me courage and strength, especially when the battle goes on."

"I cannot say that I have ever read it," said the senior officer, "will you please tell me something about



this book from which you get courage and strength?"

At once the lieutenant began to read and explain the Scriptures, while the captain listening, stood somewhat apart. But presently, as the lieutenant became eloquent in his exposition of the Living Word, he so enlisted the interest of his captain that the latter stepped to his side and sat down with him on the rock. For two hours that evening the captain listened reverently and attentively to the glowing message of salvation. The following evening after supper was over and Lieutenant Giuffrieda as usual was bidding his fellow officers "Good evening," the captain bade him remain.

"Officer Giuffrieda, please do not go!" he begged, "I want to know more about the Bible and I invite my officers to share this privilege with me."

The lieutenant obeyed and preached his first trench sermon to the officers, and when the sermon was over he prayed for the salvation of his captain and of the other officers. When he was through, every member of the mess thanked him and expressed the wish that he would again favor the company with his gospel message. For two months the 65th Company remained in that position and whenever the officers were all together at the evening mess they passed the time until taps reading the Bible and praying together. The captain and two of the lieutenants still write to Roland Giuffrieda, and in their letters often refer to those wonderful sessions and of the help which they derived from them. The complete story of what the young Italian officer from America did for his fellow officers in Italy, through the Word of God, cannot be written this side of heaven.

THE END





# OUR CHRISTIAN CENTERS

By Mary E. Bloomer

As you probably know, we have had a Russian Bible Institute in New York City, a Hungarian Seminary in Cleveland, and a National Slavic Training School in Chicago, all of which prepare young men to minister to their own people. It is now planned to combine these under one roof, to be known as the International Baptist Seminary, with the Rev. F. L. Anderson, D. D., as president. Among the Poles in Detroit and other foreigners elsewhere, our missions are strikingly successful. Five of the graduates of our Russian Bible Institute have expressed a desire to return to Russia to work among their people.

During the past year we have opened several Christian Centers in industrial regions in the United States. In the Calumet District, among the steel workers, two have been opened, one at Indiana Harbor, the other at East Hammond. Another at Wierton, West Virginia, is just opening up. For the lumbermen in the woods of Oregon we have built a "hut," somewhat on the order of those used in France, and have installed a former Y. M. C. A. secretary and his wife. In Pittsburgh a demand for a Christian Center for the Negro has resulted in the opening up of Morgan Community House. Judson Neighborhood House, New York City, Dietz Memorial, Brooklyn, N. Y., and the Italian Settlement House, Camden, N. J., serve our Italian brethren. A Cosmopolitan Center in Pueblo, Colo., serves Mexicans, Japanese and Koreans, employed in the steel mills in that vicinity. In Seattle, Washington, we have a Japanese Center; in San Francisco one for the Chinese. In Los Angeles we are opening up centers for Italians, Russians, Japanese and Mexicans, and we also have a general missionary working among the Mexicans who are widely scattered throughout our western states. So many Hindoos are working in the southwestern part of our country that we have employed the Rev. Theo. Fieldbrave, himself a native of India, to work with them.

It will doubtless be of interest to you to learn that our Woman's Board through its auxiliaries in the churches has developed quite a teaching force, who visit the homes of our

New Americans and teach English to the mothers. The contact with the American women in their own home means much to these women from countries across the seas.

Our women missionaries who serve in connection with many of our churches also carry this message of neighborliness in their daily visitation. In our Christian Centers, classes for mothers are an institution, and, through these, lessons of sanitation, hygiene, proper feeding, etc., are carried back to the home.

The greater part of this community work is carried on through the co-operation of four societies: The American Baptist Home Mission Society, the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, the State Conventions, and the City Mission Societies. Some one has said that Americanization is the cultivation of the spirit of American civilization, which centers around four institutions: the home; the school; the church, where every man may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; the government, in which every man may participate. We are doing this, and through it all, striving to inculcate the spirit of Christ.









